INTERSCOPE
COMMUNICATIONS, INC. / Teitler Films

JUMANJI

A Jungle Adventure

Screenplay

by

Chris Van Allsburg

Producers: Scott Kroopf
Bill Teitler

Revised First Draft
3/5/93

10900 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 1400 Los Angeles, California 90024 TEL 310 208-8525 FAX 310 208-1764

FADE IN

EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF BRANTFORD - DAY

Credits roll as we pass above the yellow and red leaves of maple trees at the peak of their autumn color. Below is the quintessential New England mill town of Brantford.

There is a village green, a white steepled church, a quaint Main Street with shops, and large comfortable homes on side streets leading away from the village center.

EXT. HOME OF ALAN PARISH - DAY

A large particularly grand Victorian house stands in the dappled light of the low autumn sun. The words BRANTFORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE 1969 appear on the screen.

A white PAPER AIRPLANE comes sailing out of a second floor window. We follow it closely as it slowly circles downward. It dips and turns on the wind. As it approaches the ground the camera pulls back.

We see a young girl, SARAH WHITTLE, running after the paper plane, trying, but failing to catch it. She is seven or eight years old, a curly haired charmer, breathless and rosy cheeked from running in the cold autumn air. There are a dozen or more airplanes lying on the grass around her. She looks up at the attic window, laughing.

SARAH
Alan, throw me another one.

INT. BEDROOM OF PARISH HOUSE

ALAN PARISH stands at his bedroom window. He is about 12 years old. He could use a haircut. He is a lean athletic looking kid, dressed in jeans and a sweatshirt. He has a mischievous look on his face. In his hand he holds not another paper plane, but a water balloon.

ALAN
(in an innocent voice)
Sure Sarah. Here it comes.

He tosses the water balloon outside. We hear Sarah shriek.

EXT. PARRISH YARD

Sarah looks up to the attic window. Her demeanor is very different. She is surprised and a little hurt.

SARAH
Hey, you almost got me wet.

INT. PARRISH BEDROOM

We see Alan laughing

ALAN
(quietly, gleefully)
That was the idea.

He has another water balloon in his hand when he hears, from outside his room, his mother's voice.

MRS. PARRISH
Alan! Alan!

Alan turns from the window and leaves the room.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM PARRISH HOUSE

MRS. PARRISH stands by the bed. She is a young looking 40 year old. She wears an elegant well tailored suit and cradles a telephone receiver against one ear while she adjusts an earring on the other.

She has an exasperated expression that suggests she's been holding the phone for a while. She looks toward the doorway, where she sees Alan. She puts the receiver down.

MRS PARRISH
Alan, no one's answering over at the factory. Your father's over there and I know he's forgotten about Laura Blakes's wedding.

Mrs. Parrish crosses to the closet. She is holding one of Mr. Parrish's suits, looking at it closely, picking a little piece of lint from it.

She lays the suit across the bed, laying a necktie over it.

MRS. PARRISH
Would you ride over and get him?

ALAN
Sorry, I can't leave the house.

MRS. PARRISH
(impatiently)
Alan.

ALAN
You said I couldn't leave the house all weekend.

MRS. PARRISH
(looking up sternly)
Listen young man, you're lucky it's just a weekend.

ALAN
(sulking)
Lotsa kids break windows. They don't get grounded.

MRS. PARRISH
(angry)
Alan, I must have told you a dozen times,no baseball in the back yard. And we aren't talking about any old window, are we?

Alan looks at the floor and does not answer.

MRS. PARRISH
Are we?

Alan shakes his head.

MRS. PARRISH
You can leave the house for fifteen minutes. Now go get your father.

Alan shrugs his shoulders and turns.

ALAN
Okay.

He leaves the room.

INT. PARRISH HOUSE - STAIRCASE

Alan hops down the grand stairway, past the large STAINED GLASS WINDOW that illuminates the stairwell. He stops to look at it. One large section is covered with plywood. He winces.

EXT. PARRISH HOUSE

Alan rides his bike down his driveway.

EXT. THE STREETS OF BRANTFORD

He travels past houses, down Main Street, past the white wooden bandstand erected on the village green. He pedals quickly and steers recklessly dodging cars, just missing some elderly citizens of Brantford.

EXT. PATH THROUGH A WOODED AREA.

Alan turns off a street and flies full speed down a leaf covered path through a wooded area that leads to the river.

Alan emerges from the wooded area into a parking lot. He rides his bike across the lot, up to a vast mill building that dominates the river site. A large sign reads: PARRISH SHOES, SINCE 1868.

INT. PARRISH SHOE FACTORY

Alan walks across the noisy cavernous factory space. Punch presses are loudly stamping out leather shoe pieces.

He walks to a corner of the factory where a number of people are gathered around a different sort of machine. He gets closer and pushes into the group.

The machine is hissing and clanking away. SAM PARRISH, a handsome somewhat weather-beaten man in his mid-forties, adjusts some controls and valves. His tie is tucked into his shirt, his sleeves rolled up above his elbows.

A metal mold on the machine automatically opens and a deeply patterned shoe sole pops out. The group applauds. Sam Parrish takes the rubber sole and looks at it closely. As he turns he sees his son and his expression instantly turns to a smile.

SAM PARRISH
Alan, you're just in time.

He hands his son the shoe sole.

SAM PARRISH
You're holding the new Parrish athletic shoe. Part of it, anyway.

Alan looks at the sole, unimpressed. Sam Parrish takes it back and gazes at it proudly.

SAM PARRISH
Light as a feather, shoe of the future.

ALAN
What's the big deal, dad? I never heard anyone complain that their sneakers were too heavy.

Sam Parrish looks at down at his son and smiles.

SAM PARRISH
You've got a lot to learn about shoes.

ALAN
(unenthusiastically)
Can't wait.

Sam Parrish turns to one of the workers, handing him the sole.

SAM PARRISH
See how many we can get in an hour.

He walks away from the machine, his hand on Alan's shoulder. The man's affection for his only son is obvious. They head back across the factory floor. Sam Parrish stops abruptly and turns to Alan.

SAM PARRISH
Hey, you're supposed to be at home.

ALAN
Mom sent me over. Laura Blake's wedding is today.

Sam Parrish slaps his forehead, he looks at his watch.

SAM PARRISH
Uh oh. I'm late.

Sam Parrish's walk breaks into a trot. He squeezes between two large crates as he tries to hurry down an aisle to get to the factory door. He yells over the noise of the factory.

SAM PARRISH
(to Alan)
You come straight home, O.K.?

EXT. PARRISH SHOE FACTORY

Alan exits the factory building. His father, now in the car, zooms out of the parking lot, waving to Alan. The boy

gets on his bike and pedals back to the path that cuts through the woods.

EXT. WOODLAND PATH

Alan rides back up the path but it is quite steep. He huffs and puffs but his wheels slip on the fallen leaves. He gets off and pushes his bike. As he walks along he hears the faint sound of drums, JUNGLE DRUMS. He stops. Was it his imagination?

He listens now in silence. He hears nothing.

As he shuffles along through the deep leaves his foot kicks something hard. Alan bends down and clears away the forest debris. He discovers A BOX.

It is long and thin, the proportions of a Monopoly box, but larger and slightly deeper. It is made of wood and has simple brass hinges and a brass clasp. It is decorated with pictures of exotic animals and jungle landscapes. In elaborate and fanciful type is the word JUMANJI.

Alan shakes the box and hears things rattling inside. He puts it under his arm and continues to push his bike.

EXT. PARRISH HOUSE

Alan turns off the street and rolls up the Parrish driveway. He drops his bike, goes up the steps and into the house, still carrying the strange wooden box.

INT. PARRISH FRONT HALL

Alan's parents are in the front hall. They are about to leave. Mr. Parrish now looks quite handsome in his suit and tie and coat. Mrs. Parrish adjusts a scarf as she looks in a mirror. She turns to Alan, a somewhat disappointed look on her face.

MRS. PARRISH
Alan, what took you so long?

Alan holds out the box.

ALAN
Look what I found.

Alan's father takes the box, starts to open it.

MRS. PARRISH
Sam. Not now.
(to Alan)
The Whittle's are going to the wedding with us and their babysitter is sick. We told them Sarah could stay over here.

ALAN
Aw, mom, she's a pain.

MRS. PARRISH
Now Alan. Don't be unkind. You know she thinks of you as her big brother. I think she might have a little crush on you.

ALAN
That's the problem. She follows me all around. She's like a, like a leech.

SAM PARRISH
That's a sign of admiration, Alan. Don't take it lightly.

Alan sulks, looks at the floor.

MRS. PARRISH
It's just a few hours.

Alan looks up, a sneaky look on his face.

ALAN
That means I'll be Sarah's babysitter, right?

MRS. PARRISH
Well... yes.

ALAN
So what's the pay? Babysitters get paid, don't they?

MRS. PARRISH
Oh Alan. You can't do a favor for your next door neighbors?

SAM PARRISH
All right, fair enough. We'll pay you one dollar an hour, but we expect you to act like a real babysitter. Do you know what that means?

ALAN
Yeah. Give her what ever she wants to eat. Let her watch T.V.

SAM PARRISH
Sorry pal, that's not quite what I had in mind. Play some games with her. Make her feel like a friend. And most important...
(He pauses and looks at the boy)
Don't let anything happen to her.

MRS. PARRISH
Oh, Sam, nothing's going to happen.

MR. PARRISH
I know. But if Alan's going to be a professional babysitter he should know the responsibilities.
(to Alan)
Right?

ALAN
Sure.

EXT. PARRISH FRONT PORCH

Sarah stands next to Alan. Four adults face them; the Whittles and Alan's parents.

MRS. PARRISH
(to Alan)
We'll be back by 3:00, but we'll call you from the reception.

Mr. Whittle looks at his watch.

MR. WHITTLE
We'd better get a move on or they're gonna say, "I do" before we get there.

Mrs. Whittle kisses her daughter goodbye. The adults move off the porch.

The two children move to the edge of the porch as their parents climb into the car. The adults roll their windows down to wave and call out goodbye. Alan and Sarah watch the car pull away and move out of sight down the street. It is silent. Alan turns to Sarah.

ALAN
(slyly, teasing)
Want to catch more water balloons?

SARAH
(alarmed)
No!

ALAN
Just kidding.
(beat)
How about a game?

SARAH
(reluctantly)
I guess..

INT. LIVING ROOM

The living room of the Parrish house, like every other room, is quite grand. The house is a large specimen of high Victorian, built with the wealth of the Parrish Shoe Company.

Alan leads Sarah into room. Alan plops the Jumanji game down on the carpeted floor in front of the fireplace. Sarah sits opposite him. Alan unhooks the brass clasp and opens the box.

SARAH
Pee-Yoo!

Alan wrinkles his nose. A dusty powder rises from the open box and catches the sunlight in the room.

ALAN
It does smell kind of funny. I guess it's pretty old.

Alan takes out a game board and unfolds it. There are FOUR SIMPLE TOKENS, like chess pawns, and a pair of dice. The board is decorated with more illustrations of jungle animals, in a hyperbolic sort of circus poster-style, and images of the jungle. There is a path through the jungle made of squares, but the squares are blank. In the center of the board is a representation of an open parchment

scroll. It too, is blank. At the end of the path is a depiction of a golden turreted city - JUMANJI.

ALAN
Doesn't look too exciting, does it?

Sarah has noticed that there is writing on the inside of the box lid. She draws it toward her.

SARAH
(reading from the box)
"JUMANJI, a jungle..."

Alan abruptly pulls the box away and reads it quickly to himself.

ALAN
Let's just play.

He snaps it shut and Sarah, once again sneaks a peak at the box. She points to lettering on the box's edge.

SARAH
Look what it says here. "Not rec..."

Alan snatches the box back again and reads the words.

ALAN
"Not recommended for young children." The reason kids aren't supposed to play this is because it's so boring. Here.

Alan hands her the dice and puts two game tokens at the beginning of the path.

ALAN
You go first.

SARAH
Are you sure it's O.K.?

ALAN
Trust me.

Sarah rolls the dice. It's a six. She reaches for her piece but just as she is about to touch it the faint sounds of jungle drums can be heard. She pulls back. Both children are puzzled.

Sarah's token SLOWLY ADVANCES BY ITSELF to the sixth square. It stops, so do the drums. The children are, briefly, speechless.

ALAN
This is so great.

Sarah is not quite sure it's so great. She is in fact frightened by it.

SARAH
How did it do that?

ALAN
I don't know. It's magnets or something.

He grabs the dice and begins to shake them in his hand. Sarah points down to the board.

SARAH
Alan, look.

Like invisible ink in reverse, WORDS SLOWLY BEGIN TO APPEAR on the image of the scroll. Alan is gleeful.

ALAN
What a cool game!

He turns his head so he can read the message.

ALAN
"Bats attack, You better run, is it true, they hate the sun?"

Slowly, the letters fade away.

SARAH
(alarmed)
I hate bats.

ALAN
Don't be a baby. It's just a game.

Alan rolls the dice, but nothing happens. Instead of drums the children both hear a FLAPPING, BEATING SCREECHING SOUND from the fireplace. It grows louder and louder. They are sitting cross-legged, only a few feet from the opening.

Suddenly A DOZEN BATS pour out. Alan scrambles to his feet. He is paralyzed by shock and fear. The bats hover around and dive at Sarah, who screams. She calls out Alan's name,

but Alan stands by helplessly. She crawls to the front hall, still screaming, opens the door and runs out.

EXT. PARRISH FRONT PORCH

We see Sarah running toward her house. The bats rapidly disperse in the mid day sun.

INT. PARRISH LIVING ROOM

Alan is still in a state of shock. He is a few feet from the game board. He hears the jungle drums start to beat. He looks down at the board. His piece is counting out his dice roll. He timidly gets to his knees and watches as the lettering on the board slowly becomes visible. He reads it, in a whisper.

ALAN
"In the jungle you must wait, until
the dice read five or eight."
(He ponders this)
...The dice read five or eight."

Suddenly - poof! Alan vanishes. The room is empty. Silent.

SMASH CUT TO:

A BLACK SCREEN. The words 24 YEARS LATER appear, then fade off.

EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF BRANTFORD - DAY

Superimposed we see the words BRANTFORD, SUMMER 1993.

Once again we travel above the trees of Brantford, this time over the green leaves of summer. But as we close in on the town it is apparent that much has changed. On Main Street there are boarded up store fronts, empty parking spaces, and litter in the streets. Clear evidence of another New England mill town fallen on hard times.

EXT. THE STREET IN FRONT OF THE PARRISH HOUSE

It is late afternoon. The large ornate Victorian house is dramatically lit by the low sun. It does not look well cared for. The grass is uncut. A shutter or two hangs crookedly. The bushes are overgrown. Curtains cover all the windows. A section of fence is missing. There is a FOR SALE SIGN out front. A large late model american car pulls into the driveway.

EXT. DRIVEWAY BY CAR

Four people get out of the car. The driver, MARILYN THOMAS, is in her mid-forties. She is a real estate agent. She is well dressed, her hair is stylishly set, she wears a lot of jewelry. A second woman, NORA, is in her late thirties. She is attractive and simply dressed.

Her two children, JUDY and PETER climb out of the back seat. Judy is thirteen. She wears horn rimmed glasses and looks like a small version of a Vassar student, class of 1960. Peter is eight, not exactly hyper-active, but a little impatient. He runs toward the house.

PETER
This is neat, Mom.

Judy follows him, walking slowly, carrying a paperback book.

MRS. THOMAS
I know this is a lot bigger house than you're looking for. Actually, it's bigger than most people want these days.

The look on Nora's face shows that she likes what she sees. She gazes at the quirky, elaborate architecture.

They walk slowly toward the house and up the steps to the porch. Judy is sitting on the porch steps reading her book. Peter is swinging on a wooden settee hung from the porch ceiling.

EXT. PORCH PARRISH HOUSE

The agent takes out a bunch of keys from her purse. She checks the tags and selects one, and opens the door. Peter runs in.

INT. **PARRISH FRONT HALL**

Nora, Judy and the realtor enter.

PETER
(voice off camera)
Judy, up here!

Judy follows Peter up the stairs.

Nora looks around. Even with all the drapes pulled, in the low light, it is an impressive place. Church like. The echoing sounds of the children's voices and foot steps in a remote part of the house can be heard.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Nora steps into the room, followed by the realtor. It is still furnished. Nora looks at the tall ceiling, the fireplace.

NORA
This really brings back memories. I grew up in a house like this. Not so grand, but...

The realtor pulls open the heavy drapes. The air is filled with dust, catching the shafts of sunlight pouring in. The room looks enchanted.

NORA
(looking at the furniture)
You said no one's lived here recently?

MRS.THOMAS
Two years. Brantford Savings and Loan owns it now.

The agent leads the way to the dining room.

INT. DINING ROOM

Nora and the agent look at the long room with it's handsome table and chairs.

MRS. THOMAS
I talked the bank out of auctioning off the furniture. Rooms like these don't look too inviting when they're empty.

INT. KITCHEN

Nora and the agent pass through a swinging door into the large kitchen. It has wainscotting, a tile floor, glass cabinets.

MRS. THOMAS
I know what you're thinking. I couldn't agree more. This room is badly in need of some remodeling.

Nora looks around at the old fashioned decor.

NORA
(innocently)
Oh no, I wouldn't touch a thing.

The swinging door flies open. Peter and Judy look in.

PETER
(breathlessly)
This is great, Mom.

He runs off.

NORA
(to Judy)
Judy, what do you think? It's just like Grandma's.

Judy is far less enthusiastic than her brother.

JUDY
(flatly)
It's okay, I guess.

EXT. BACK OF PARRISH HOUSE

The agent and Nora come out the back door. Judy is pushing Peter on a rope and board swing that hangs from a large oak tree. Nora looks up at ornate moldings, the slate roof.

MRS. THOMAS
Would you like to make an offer?

Nora continues to look up at the house. She doesn't answer right away, then looks at the agent.

NORA
(smiling)
I would, but I'm afraid it might be accepted.

EXT. PARRISH HOME - DAY

We see a moving van in front of the house. Men are carrying boxes down a ramp toward the front porch.

INT. PARRISH HOUSE TOP OF STAIRS

Judy and Peter are carrying a cardboard box together. They clumsily negotiate the final steps.

JUDY
What's in here, Peter?

PETER
Just some stuff.

They huff and puff down the hall.

INT. PETER'S BEDROOM

Judy and Peter enter with box.

JUDY
(carrying more than her share of the load)
It feels likes rocks.

They drop it on the bed.

PETER
(nonchalantly)
It is.

He opens the box, takes out a very ordinary gray stone.

PETER
It's my rock collection.

JUDY
Peter, this is just a dumb stone.

PETER
No it isn't. You're holding it the wrong way.

He turns the stone in Judy's hand.

PETER
See.

JUDY
See what?

PETER
It's a fish, can't you tell. It's just like a fish.

Judy sighs, tosses the rock back in the box.

She looks at a box on the floor that Peter had already brought up. In a child's hand writing, in large letters is the word, fragile. It is written on each side.

JUDY
What's in there?

PETER
I'll show you.

Peter pulls the tape off the box. It's a good sized box. The size of a large television. He starts to pull out wadded up newspaper. A lot of it. He finally takes out a second box and goes through the same routine. From this box he extracts a shoe box.

He sits with Judy on the bed as he carefully unties the shoe box. Judy, seeing the large box contained something quite small, is no longer puzzled.

JUDY
Not taking any chances I see.

PETER
That's right.

He opens the shoe box, takes out wads of tissue paper and holds another small box. He opens that and holds a heavy paper envelope. He unfolds the end and carefully lets its contents slide into his hand. It is a SIGNED MICKEY MANTLE BASEBALL CARD. He stares at it in silence.

JUDY
You did a great job, Peter. Dad would have been proud of you.

Peter doesn't look up. He just shrugs his shoulders. Judy has a solicitous and comforting tone.

JUDY
Peter?

Peter looks up. He has tears in his eyes. Just then Nora comes in the room.

NORA
Hey, how's it going up here?

Judy turns silently to her mother. Nora sees the baseball card and Peter's tears.

JUDY
(trying to cheer Peter)
Mom, look what a good job Peter did packing Dad's Mickey Mantle card.

Judy points to all the packing material. Nora joins her children on the bed, she puts her arm around her son. They sit in silence for a moment. Nora takes the card.

NORA
You know your dad was seven years old when he got this signed. He used to tell me he was going to give it to you on your seventh birthday and I'd say, "No, no. Peter's too young, it's too valuable, he'll take it to school and lose it." But he insisted. He knew you'd take care of it.

Nora hugs her son.

NORA
He was right.

Peter sniffles, wipes his eyes. They sit in silence again. She draws Judy into the hug.

NORA
Listen, I know this isn't easy. Losing dad, having to move away from your friends, going to a new school in a few weeks. But we're going to be O.K.
(beat)
Now... How about dinner?

They leave the room, we hear Nora's voice.

NORA
(from the hallway)
I'll give you a choice. Tuna sandwiches, tuna casserole, or tuna salad.

Peter and Judy groan.

INT. JUDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Judy is in bed pulling up the covers. Her mother looks in the door. Nora walks into the room, and arranges the blanket.

NORA
You O.K., sweetheart?

She sits on the edge of the bed. Judy doesn't speak right away.

JUDY
(sullenly)
I still don't understand why we had to move.

NORA
I have to work, now. You know that.

JUDY
But there's lots of colleges in New York.

NORA
I tried, Judy, you know I tried. It's just not easy finding teaching jobs.

Nora takes Judy's hand.

NORA
It will be O.K., you'll see.

Nora goes to the door.

NORA
Goodnight, Judy.

JUDY
'Night Mom.

INT. PETER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Peter is already sound asleep. A light at his bedside is still lit. Nora tiptoes in. She sees the Mickey Mantle card propped up against the lamp base. Across the room she sees three autographed baseballs and a Yankee pennant, the only things unpacked in the room.

She tucks Peter in and turns off the light and tiptoes out.

INT. PETER'S ROOM - NIGHT

We see Peter sleeping fitfully. We also hear faintly, the sound of JUNGLE DRUMS. He is awakened. The sound is soft and fades away. Peter falls back to sleep.

CUT TO:

INT. PARRISH LIVING ROOM - DAY

Nora is on a step ladder washing the upper half of a tall window. She has a paper towel in hand, a roll of it on the ladder top.

EXT. FRONT PORCH

Peter and Judy work on the same window outside, spraying the panes with a windex bottle.

NORA
(from inside)
You missed a pane.

Judy notices someone attempting to move through the hedge that separates the Parrish house from its neighbor.

JUDY
Peter.

Peter follows Judy's gaze.

EXT. FRONT YARD

We see A WOMAN trying to push through the thick privet hedge. She is in her early thirties, but is dressed like a grandmother. Her nearly ankle-length light-colored dress is getting caught on branches and providing real problems. She wears metal eyeglass frames, her blondish curly hair is unkempt. She looks rather frail.

She balances a plate in one hand while she attempts to extricate herself with the other. A DOZEN CATS circle around in front of her, seemingly waiting for her to free herself. She speaks to them.

THE CAT WOMAN
Oh dear, now just wait. What have we done. Just wait right there. I'm just a little stuck here, don't go anywhere. If I just... OK...

EXT. PORCH

Judy and Peter look on, puzzled as the cat woman finally frees herself. She looks down at the cats.

CAT WOMAN
I'm afraid we're going to have a change in command. Robert, you will now bring up the rear. Cecil, please lead on.

The cats march on as the woman adjusts her dress. She follows them across the lawn and up the walk.

The woman stops at the top of the porch steps and for the first time notices that there are people watching her. She lets out a shriek. Then instantly apologizes.

CAT WOMAN
Oh dear pardon me... I just didn't... I wasn't expecting...

She looks at the cats, who have followed her onto the porch.

CAT WOMAN
We were just...uh, we came to...

She looks up, extends the plate she carries.

CAT WOMAN
Here.

Nora comes out of the house and onto the porch, joining her dumbstruck children to greet her strange visitor.

CAT WOMAN
I... I made these. I'm your neighbor and I thought...I thought you might... Uh..Uh.. Welcome to the neighborhood.

NORA
Well thank you. My name's Nora.

Nora extends her hand. The cat woman hands her the plate, not understanding it was a handshake offered.

NORA
And these are my children.

She motions the children over.

NORA
This is Peter.

They shake hands.

NORA (CONT.)
And this is Judy.

They shake hands.

CAT WOMAN
It's so... it's so nice to meet you.

She looks at the floor and seems to be a little more relaxed.

CAT WOMAN
Stand still everyone.

The cats stop circling around.

CAT WOMAN (cont.)
Now this is Cecil, Robert, Francine, Ajax, Cooper, Henrik, Victoria, Alphonse, Buster, Luther, Eloise, and Maurice.

There is a moment of silence. The introductions were made with seriousness and formality. Finally Nora speaks.

NORA
Well, it's...it's nice to meet you all.

Nora moves to the screen door and opens it slightly.

NORA
Would you like to come in.

SARAH
(looking at the door, clearly alarmed)
Oh, oh no, I...I couldn't go in. Not in there, I mean, no, I never...uh...no thank you.

Nora lets the door close. She looks at the plate her visitor has given her. It is filled with cookies in the shape of cats, covered with sprinkles, chocolate, etc.

NORA
Don't these look good.

She offers them to the children. They both take one and hold them up in wonder before biting in.

CAT WOMAN
Yes. Yes. They're my specialty. Well, one of my specialties. The pussies are particularly fond of them.

The children munch away. They are clearly delicious cookies. Nora has taken a bite, too.

NORA
This is delicious. Do you do a lot of baking?

CAT WOMAN
(laughs a nervous laugh)
Oh goodness, yes..I should say. I work at the bakery.

NORA
(talking with her mouth slightly full)
...Really delicious, right kids?

PETER
Yeah.

He reaches for another and Nora hands him the plate.

NORA
(motioning with her head)
So, you live next door?

CAT WOMAN
Yes, that's right. All my life. Right there. Just mother and me. And of course the pussies.

One of the cats meows. Cat Woman appears to listen.

CAT WOMAN
O.K. Yes. I know Francine.
(to Nora)
Francine's afraid I'll be late for work. Cream puffs today. Eclairs, too. O.K. everybody, Cecil ... Robert.

The cat woman turns to leave.

NORA
Well thank you for coming by...uh..uh I'm sorry, I don't think I caught your name.

CAT WOMAN
(nervous laugh)
Oh..Oh dear. I may not have even said it... I'm Sarah...Sarah Whittle...

NORA
(extends her hand again)
Thank you, Sarah.

Sarah shakes hands and walks down the porch, talking to her cats.

SARAH
See Maurice, that wasn't so bad. I knew it would be O.K. That was fine, didn't you think so, Luther? What? Yes... I thought so, too. Very nice. What? Well of course. I'm sure they like marzipan.

Judy and Peter try to stifle their laughter as the eccentric woman walks off. Nora gives them a stern look and holds her finger to her lips. Sarah uses the sidewalk this time.

JUDY
Wow, mom! She was...

NORA
Yes she was, Judy, but that's no reason to make fun of her.

PETER
(biting into another cookie)
Whatever she is, she sure can cook.

INT. PETER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Peter lies in bed sleeping fitfully again. He is awakened and listens to the faint beat of DRUMS. The sound is clearer this time. He looks up at the ceiling, suggesting the sound comes from above.

INT. 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY

Peter, in his pajamas, holding a flashlight, slowly opens

the door that leads to the attic. He looks up the steep stairs and begins to climb.

INT. ATTIC

Peter's head slowly becomes visible as he climbs the final steps. He looks around. The attic is large. The ceiling is complex because of the house's complicated roof line. The space is illuminated by moonlight that enters through the large gable end window and the light from Peter's flashlight. It is a mess. There are boxes everywhere, tucked under the rafters.

There's an old dress form, a guitar case, an old accordion, a moose head, old pieces of furniture, trunks, tennis rackets, etc.. There is a century's accumulation of PARRISH FAMILY JUNK.

Peter pokes around for a awhile. There is a large upright steamer trunk that is ajar. One of the drawers is slightly open and Peter pulls it.

A LARGE BLACK BAT comes flying out.

Peter fends him off with the flashlight. He retreats back to the stairs, clearly frightened, and leaps down the steps.

INT. 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY

Peter slams the door behind him, and leans against it. He clutches the flashlight to his chest, lighting his face from below.

PETER
(freaked out)
Mom!

EXT. PARRISH HOUSE FROM STREET - MORNING

A small white truck is in the driveway. The sign on its side identifies it: HARLEY PEST CONTROL.

INT. KITCHEN

Peter and Judy are at the kitchen table. Peter holds a rock. He has a few others in front of him. Judy is standing, carefully unwrapping PORCELAIN CUPS AND SAUCERS. Nora is dressed up, wearing a suit. She is drinking coffee. Judy holds up a delicate cup.

JUDY
How old are these mom?

Nora takes a cup and looks at it admiringly.

NORA
Aren't they beautiful? Your Great Great Grandmother...

She is interrupted by the EXTERMINATOR'S voice, "Hello... Hello." The kitchen door swings open. The exterminator looks in, wearing khaki work clothes. He's fifty, overweight and balding.

EXTERMINATOR
Well we're all set here.

He holds up an inert canvas bag.

EXTERMINATOR
I'll send it right over to the state health department. They'll check him for rabies. He was a nasty one. Big one, too. Never seen a bat like this around here. Reminds me of a picture I saw once of African bats. Big ones down there. Yes sir.

NORA
There aren't anymore up there?

EXTERMINATOR
Nope. Checked it. No holes up there I could find, either. No guano.

PETER
Guano?

EXTERMINATOR
Guano, son. You know, droppings, bat crap.

PETER
Oh yeah.

EXTERMINATOR
(to Nora)
All that stuff up there. The Parrishes left that behind, hey? What a story?

Nora quickly moves toward the door, taking the exterminator by the arm. The exterminator is surprised to be hustled out of the kitchen. The children are puzzled, too.

NORA
Well, thanks again for coming so quickly. I don't think I could have gotten to sleep tonight with that thing up there.

EXT. FRONT PORCH AND YARD

Nora and the exterminator exit out the door and stand on the porch.

NORA
I didn't mean to be rude, but my children don't know about the Parrish boy. We just moved in and...

EXTERMINATOR
Oh. oh. My mistake. Sorry, sure. I understand.

NORA
The realtor who sold the house told me a little about it. Did you know the Parrishes?

EXTERMINATOR
Oh sure. Everybody did.

They move to the porch steps.

EXTERMINATOR
Most of the town worked at the Parrish factory. My dad worked there. So did I for a few years. Used to see the boy around the factory.
(shakes his head)
Little Alan Parrish.

NORA
What a tragedy.

EXTERMINATOR
Sure was. For the whole town. Like the Lindbergh kidnapping around here. You know when that boy disappeared, Sam Parrish, that was his dad, he just lost interest. The man had a broken heart. Stopped coming to work. Started drinking. The wife, too, they say.

NORA
How sad.
(beat)
They never found the, uh...

EXTERMINATOR
Body? Nope. No trace of him.
Twenty four years. Not a clue.

They walk down the porch steps toward the truck.

INT. FRONT HALL

Peter and Judy stand at the side of the open front door, concealing themselves.

PETER
(whispering)
Boy, that's weird.

JUDY
(hushed voice)
I'll say.

PETER
(spooked)
He lived here? Right in this house?

Judy nods as they walk back to the kitchen.

EXT. DRIVEWAY

The exterminator throws his things in the back of his truck, including the bat carcass. Thud. He turns to Nora.

EXTERMINATOR
(nodding toward the house next door)
Then of course there's Sarah Whittle.

NORA
Sarah?

EXTERMINATOR
Sarah Whittle. Your neighbor.

NORA
Oh yes. She introduced herself yesterday.

EXTERMINATOR
You might have noticed she's a little...well... different.

Nora shrugs her shoulders.

NORA
Well...

EXTERMINATOR
She was with Alan the day he disappeared. When their parents came home they couldn't find either one of them. Finally found Sarah hiding in the basement over there. Didn't talk for 6 months.

NORA
Do you think she saw something?

EXTERMINATOR
If she did, she put it where she can't get to it. You know what I mean?

NORA
Yes. Yes I do.

The exterminator opens the truck door, and gets in. He starts his engine.

EXTERMINATOR
(leaning out the window)
Well, nice to meet you.
(puts truck in gear)
Welcome to Brantford.

NORA
Thank you.

The truck pulls out. Nora waves and walks pensively toward the house.

INT. KITCHEN

Judy and Peter are at the kitchen table. Judy continues to unwrap china. Peter sorts his stones.

PETER
I wonder what happened to him?

JUDY
Shh! Here comes mom.

The swinging door opens and Nora enters.

NORA
Listen kids. I've got to go over to the campus this morning and I'm afraid I might be there until two o'clock.

JUDY
When does the semester start, mom?

NORA
Too soon, sweetheart. I'm afraid I'm kind of a rusty professor. How do I look?

Nora turns slightly back and forth.

JUDY
You look fine Mom.

NORA
Not too dressy?

JUDY
Well, maybe for the yokels around here.

NORA
Judy, don't be a snob.

PETER
What's a yokel?

NORA
Never mind.

Nora picks up a piece of paper from the counter.

NORA
Now you're all set for lunch. There's some chicken in the refrigerator from last night. You've got the number at school right here.

Nora goes to the table and kisses her children goodbye.

NORA
I'll try to call you, O.K.? Stick around the house.
(to Judy)
Be careful with the china.

JUDY
I will, mom.

NORA
And sweetheart...

JUDY
Yes.

NORA
You really should get your violin out. You haven't played for weeks.

JUDY
Maybe.

Nora looks at her daughter with gentle reproach, then walks to the back door.

JUDY
Mom, you forgot this.

Judy takes a briefcase to her mother. Nora smiles.

NORA
(to both children)
I love you.

PETER AND JUDY
Bye, Mom.

Sally leaves and closes the door. Judy turns and sees a set of CAR KEYS on the counter. She opens the back door.

JUDY
Mom!

CUT TO:

INT. JUDY'S BEDROOM

Judy is practicing the violin. When she stops to turn her sheet music, she hears a crashing sound.

JUDY
(loudly)
Peter?

There is no answer. She puts down her violin and goes into the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY 2ND FLOOR

Judy looks into Peter's room.

JUDY
Peter?

She continues down the hall, sees the door to the attic stairs is ajar. She goes to the door and opens it.

JUDY
(calling up the stairs)
Peter?

PETER
I'm up here.

INT. ATTIC

Judy climbs the stairs. Though fairly well lit by the gable end window it is still a pretty spooky place. She doesn't see Peter anywhere.

JUDY
(impatiently)
Where are you?

PETER
(unseen)
Over here.

Judy pushes through the junk and boxes. Suddenly there's a loud noise, a reedy minor chord. She is startled. She looks behind a stack of boxes and sees Peter sitting on the floor holding a large old polka master accordion.

PETER
Neat, uhh?

Peter gets to his feet and goes to a pile of boxes.

PETER
Come here. Look at these.

Judy follows him. The boxes are old games. Some are relatively modern: Scrabble, Monopoly, Clue. But there are some much older games; a horse race game, and "Battleship", with pictures of the "Maine" on the cover.

PETER
Aren't these great?
(beat)
Look at this one. Weird.

He holds up a box with pictures of jungle animals on it with the word JUMANJI elaborately lettered in the corner. Judy takes the box.

JUDY
They don't make them like they used to.

PETER
That's for sure. Hey, let's play some of them.

JUDY
Oh Peter, I don't want to play some silly...

She sees her brother's crestfallen expression.

JUDY
Well, why not.
(she looks around)
As long as we don't play up here.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Judy and Peter sit on the carpet in front of the fireplace. Judy has the JUMANJI box in her hand. The game board lies between them.

JUDY
Here are the rules:
(she reads)
"JUMANJI, a jungle adventure. Welcome to the safari. Just follow these simple rules. One: Each player, in turn, rolls the dice to advance his token through the jungle. Two: The first player to reach the golden City of JUMANJI and call out its name is the winner."

Peter is pulling on two tokens that are evidently stuck to the game board. He looks up.

PETER
You gotta say, *JUMANJI*?

Judy nods, looking at the box, reads quickly, barely audibly. Then more clearly:

JUDY
... any player rolling doubles gets another turn...

She mumbles some more.

JUDY
There's something here about the... the effects of JUMANJI.

PETER
What?

JUDY
Ah...It's not important.

PETER
Is that all?

Judy looks up from the box.

JUDY
It says, "Good Luck."

PETER
Yeah, good luck, don't die of boredom.

Judy, leans forward to look at the board and the squares where the tokens rest. She tries to lift them.

PETER
They're stuck.

Judy takes two loose tokens and puts them at the beginning of the path. She holds the dice out to Peter.

JUDY
Here. You go first.

Peter takes the dice and casually flips them on to the board. The children look on in amazement as Peter's piece creeps forward. It reaches the appropriate square.

JUDY
(amazed)
Maybe this game isn't as old as it looks.

PETER
(looking down, wide-eyed)
It must not be, look.

Peter points to the scroll as lettering slowly appears.

JUDY
(reading)
"This mosquito's got the fever, itchy, twitchy, sneezy fever."

The lettering fades away. Peter looks at his sister.

PETER
(quietly)
Itchy, twitchy, sneezy?

Both children hear a buzzing sound. It comes from the hallway and grows louder. Into the room flies one VERY LARGE MOSQUITO. The buzzing sound it makes is like a gas powered model airplane. LOUD. It goes straight for Peter.

He grabs the closest thing he can use to help fight off the bug. He gets the JUMANJI box and starts swinging. Judy runs out of the room, while Peter continues to do battle, knocking over a lamp.

PETER
Judy!

Peter swings wildly at the bug. He hears Judy's voice behind him.

JUDY
Look out!

Peter turns and sees Judy holding a LARGE CAN OF RAID. Peter dives and Judy sprays the bug with a major fogging of insecticide. The children cough and stand back from the cloud.

When the air clears, they bend over the mighty bug. It's a big one. The size of a dragon fly. It lies motionless. They don't really want to touch it. Finally Peter reaches out.

JUDY
Peter, yuck, get a paper towel or something.

He ignores her and takes the bug by the wing.

JUDY
Peter, oooh, how can you touch it! Take it outside.

They walk to the front hall.

EXT. FRONT PORCH.

Judy and Peter stand at the porch railing. Peter tosses the bug into the bushes.

JUDY
Kind of weird coincidence.

PETER
You mean... the game?

Judy shakes her head slowly, still looking into the bushes.

JUDY
(looking at Peter)
No, it couldn't be... You know, the bugs are much bigger here than in New York.

PETER
'Cept for the cockroaches.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Judy and Peter sit by the game. Judy bends forward and looks at the board closely, lifting it up, looking at the bottom, then setting it back down.

JUDY
It must have micro-chips in it or something.

PETER
It's cool the way they made it look so old.

Judy picks up the dice and rolls them.

PETER
Doubles.

At first, quietly, then growing in intensity, they hear the sound of *JUNGLE DRUMS* as Judy's piece slowly begins to move. They both wait in anticipation, as the piece moves along.

Judy leans over to read.

JUDY
"Monkeys slow the expedition when they get inside the kitchen."

There is suddenly a cacophony of sound coming from the kitchen. Judy and Peter look at each other. Judy slowly gets up and hesitantly moves toward the hallway that leads to the kitchen. Peter follows.

EXT. HALLWAY BY SWINGING KITCHEN DOOR

Judy and Peter stand by the door listening. They hear things breaking and the shrill sound of SCREECHING PRIMATES. Judy slowly pushes the door open and peeks in.

INT. KITCHEN

The kitchen has a DOZEN OR MORE MONKEYS tearing the room apart. The floor is covered with broken jars. Monkeys are throwing porcelain cups and saucers across the room, banging pots and lids together. One of them plays with the sprayer on the kitchen sink, which is overflowing.

Total chaos.

INT. KITCHEN - TIGHT SHOT ON PETER AND JUDY

Peter and Judy continue looking in. A large glass jar of Karo syrup crashes against the door. It closes and we see the syrup drip down.

INT. HALLWAY BY KITCHEN DOOR

Judy and Peter are in a state of shock.

PETER
(awestruck)
Where'd they come from?

JUDY
(also in a state of shock)
The game, Peter. They came from Jumanji.

The sound of breaking plates and glasses comes from the kitchen.

JUDY
(horrified)
Mom's china.

PETER
She's gonna have a... what do you call it? A nervous...a nervous...

JUDY
(disturbed)
Quiet, Peter.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Judy walks back to the living room. Peter follows her. She looks down at the game board.

PETER
(anxious)
It's not micro chips, is it?

JUDY
(ominously)
No, Peter. No it's not.

She picks up the game box and sits down, gazing at the instructions.

JUDY
(looking down)
Of course. That's what it means.

Peter sits down across from her.

PETER
What? Means what?

JUDY
(excited, hopeful)
Listen.
(reading)
"Young adventurer's beware. All the exciting consequences and affects of Jumanji will vanish, but only when a player has reached the Golden City and called out its name."
(looking up)
Don't you see? It will be like it never happened.

PETER
You mean we have to keep playing?

There is a loud crash from the kitchen. The children look toward it.

JUDY
It can't take that long. Anyway, it's not like these things are going to hurt us.

PETER
Can't we wait for mom to come home? She could call the exterminator guy.

JUDY
(business-like, focused)
That won't fix the china. Now hand me the dice.

PETER
(with trepidation)
Isn't it...isn't it my turn?

JUDY
I rolled doubles.

Peter hands her the dice with relief. She rolls. An eight. The drums begin, her token moves forward. She reads the board.

JUDY
"His fangs are sharp, he likes your taste, your party better move post haste."

PETER
Post haste?

He looks up at Judy, whose eyes are frozen on a LARGE LION. The beast is lying on top of the upright piano behind Peter licking his chops.

JUDY
(very quietly)
Don't move. Don't breathe.

PETER
(impulsively)
Why not?

He spins around. The lion lets out a roar. The children bolt out of the room.

INT. STAIRWAY

They scramble up the stairs with the lion right behind.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

They throw open the first door and slam it behind them. It is the linen closet.

INT. LINEN CLOSET

They can hear the lion roar just outside. Then it is quiet. They open the door very slightly and watch the lion go into the master bedroom at the end of the hall.

INT. LIVING ROOM

A tight shot on the game board shows two naked feet standing at its side. The camera slowly pans up. We see a strange looking creature, a JUNGLE MAN.

He wears a leopard skin version of a cave man outfit. He has a long beard, wild shoulder length hair, and a crazy look in his eyes. He carries a spear.

INT. STAIRWAY

The jungle man slowly climbs the stairs, looking warily up and down, to his left and right.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

The jungle man passes the slightly ajar door of the linen closet. He hears a noise from the master bedroom. He enters the room. We hear the roar of the lion. The jungle man slowly backs out of the room, his spear pointed out in front of him. He makes a few lunging motions. The lion roars. Jungle man grabs the bedroom door and slams it shut.

Jungle man looks around very slowly. He sees the slightly open linen closet door. He goes to it and throws it open. Judy and Peter scream. Jungle man looks at them, puzzled. He turns away and walks into Peter's bedroom.

Judy and Peter tiptoe down the hallway and stand just outside Peter's door. They speak in whispers.

PETER
He's from the game, too.

JUDY
(impatiently)
I know. I know. But who is he, what is he?

PETER
He's a... He's a...a jungle man. You know, like Tarzan.

JUDY
He doesn't look like Tarzan to me.

They quietly approach the doorway and peek in.

INT. PETER'S BEDROOM

The Jungle Man is sitting on the bed motionless. He gazes at the floor. Judy and Peter lean back into the hallway. They still speak in whispers.

PETER
What's he doing?

JUDY
Nothing. He's just staring at the floor.

Judy leans back toward the door and peeks in. The Jungle Man casts her a sideways glance, grunts, then looks back down at the floor. Judy leans back into the hallway.

She quietly takes a step directly into the doorway. Peter stands behind her. Jungle Man does not look up. Judy and Peter tentatively move into the room. Judy clears her throat. There is no response from Jungle Man.

JUDY
Excuse me.

There's still no response.

PETER
Are you okay, mister?

Finally the Jungle Man looks up. He speaks in a clumsy halting voice, as if he is choosing his words very carefully. He stammers a bit.

JUNGLE MAN
(rusty at speaking English)
What... yyyear...is...it?

Peter and Judy look at each other.

JUDY
Year? It's 1993.

The Jungle Man looks down. He makes little grunting noises that slowly accumulate and build into a kind of demented laughter. He throws his head back. He seems almost hysterical.

The children are spooked. Abruptly, the Jungle Man stops laughing. He eyes them suspiciously. He stands up. Judy *and Peter take a step back.*

JUDY
Who...
(she swallows)
Who are you?

The Jungle Man charges right past Judy and Peter out into the hall. The children hear him call out.

JUNGLE MAN
Mom! Dad!

Judy and Peter exchange puzzled looks. Jungle Man's voice can be heard as he goes down the hall.

Jungle Man
(desperately)
Mom, it's me. It's me, Alan. I'm back.

PETER
(incredulous)
Is that...

They look at each other in amazement.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY.

Judy and Peter look around.

PETER
Where'd he go?

The quiet is broken by the loud screech of the monkeys in the kitchen. The door swings open. Alan storms out.

ALAN
Mom! Dad!

He walks to the living room. Judy and Peter follow.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Alan paces the room in an agitated state. The children watch from the doorway.

JUDY
Are...are you Alan Parrish?

Alan keeps pacing. He stops and looks down at the GAMEBOARD. He bends down and picks up the dice and stands holding them in his open palm. He begins speaking in an odd sing-song voice that gradually builds to complete rage.

ALAN
In the jungle you must wait until the dice read five or eight. In the jungle you must wait until the dice read five or eight. In the jungle you must wait until the dice read five or eight.

In a state of rage, he closes his fist around the dice, then throws them across the room.

JUDY
(amazed)
You are Alan Parrish.

PETER
Where...where have you been?

ALAN
(a crazy look on his face)
Where have I been? Where have I been?

He begins his strange laugh again, then stops suddenly.

ALAN
(loudly, with anger, pointing at the game board)
I've been in there! I've been in the...jungle!

He looks down at the game board and kicks it.

PETER
(quietly)
Geez.

Alan looks at Judy and Peter. He crosses the room toward them. Peter moves slightly behind his sister.

ALAN
(hostile)
Who are you?

JUDY
I'm... I'm Judy. This is my brother, Peter.

ALAN
What are you doing in my house?

JUDY
Well...this isn't...

ALAN
(looking anxious)
Where are my parents?

He pushes past Judy and Peter and stands in the front hall.

ALAN
(yelling)
Mom! Dad!

JUDY
Alan, they don't live here anymore.

ALAN
(impatiently)
Where are they? Where do they live?

PETER
We don't know.

Alan looks at the floor, agitated. Suddenly he looks up. He bolts past Judy and Peter and runs out the door. Judy and Peter exchange looks of bewilderment.

JUDY
(mystified, amazed)
Twenty four years, Peter. Twenty four years inside a...a game.

PETER
Boy, are his mom and dad gonna be surprised.

They hear the screech of tires and go to the open front door. Looking out they see a stopped POLICE CAR. Alan stands in the middle of the road, directly in front of the car, inches from the front bumper. He is perfectly still, staring at the hood.

A POLICEMAN gets out of the car. He goes to Alan and they exchange words. Alan points to the house and he and the policeman approach the front porch.

The officer is in his late twenties, fit, well groomed, polite.

EXT. FRONT PORCH

The policeman can see Judy and Peter on the other side of the screen door. He takes his hat from his head.

POLICEMAN
Hi. Your mom or dad home?

Judy shakes her head.

POLICEMAN
Could you step outside here for a moment?

Judy and Peter step outside.

POLICEMAN
Do you know this man? He says he lives here.

JUDY
Ah... yes. Yes he does. He's our uncle. Uncle Alan.

The policeman looks at Alan, who stares right back at him, menacingly. The policeman takes a step or two towards Judy. He lowers his voice.

POLICEMAN
You just moved in here, didn't you?

Judy nods. The policeman glances toward Alan.

POLICEMAN
Tell me, is your uncle supposed to be out by himself. I mean..is he..he seems a little...

PETER
He just came from JUMANJI.

Judy grimaces.

POLICEMAN
Jumanji?

JUDY
That's in Africa. He's in the Peace Corp. This is what they wear in... ...ah..Jumanji.

POLICEMAN
Did you say Africa?

Judy nods.

POLICEMAN
(suspiciously)
Your uncle wouldn't happen to have a pet monkey?

JUDY
Monkey?

POLICEMAN
I just came from a house down the street. The woman there claims she had a monkey in her backyard.

JUDY
No. No, he doesn't have a monkey.

As she says this, she can see a monkey walking down the driveway. The policeman turns and looks at Alan's strange outfit.

POLICEMAN
Clothes like these aren't against the law, but they look pretty strange around here.
(to Alan)
I'd suggest a pair of pants and shirt if you don't want to frighten the citizens of Brantford. Haircut wouldn't hurt either.

The policeman puts his cap back on and turns toward the porch steps.

POLICEMAN
(to Alan)
Stick to the sidewalks from now on. O.K.?
(to all three)
Well, you have a good day.

The policeman goes down the steps.

EXT. FRONT WALK

As the policeman pulls away in his car, a rotund MAILMAN walks down the sidewalk. He stops to sneeze loudly and repeatedly, and attempts to scratch his back in a hard to reach spot.

INT. FRONT HALL

The door opens. Judy, Peter and Alan step inside. Alan pauses at the front hall mirror, gazes at his reflection.

JUDY
He's right. You'd scare your mom and dad looking like that. They're going to be pretty surprised anyway.

Alan strokes his scraggly beard and hair, still looking in the mirror.

PETER
I know where there's some clothes.

Alan grunts.

JUDY
We've got some scissors you can use.

Alan walks away from the mirror and strides past the children. He turns.

ALAN
Where?

There is a loud crash from the kitchen. Judy looks toward it and back to Alan. Peter pulls Judy aside. Alan eyes them suspiciously.

PETER
(whispering)
He could help us finish the game.

JUDY
(whispering)
Peter, get serious.

PETER
You saw what he did to that lion.

Judy looks at Alan. The lion roars from upstairs. She glances toward the staircase nervously. Judy takes a step back to Alan.

JUDY
(reluctantly)
Could... could you help us finish the game before you go? It won't take long.

ALAN
What for?

PETER
She thinks the lions and monkeys will go away if we do.

JUDY
It says so in the instructions. Will you?

ALAN
Sure. Sure. Give me the clothes. I'll play.

INT. ATTIC

Judy, Peter and Alan climb to the top of the stairs. Alan looks around. Peter goes to a trunk.

PETER
The clothes are over here.

Alan walks silently to the trunk, opens it. He is perplexed. He looks at the children.

ALAN
Why are so many of my parents' things here?

JUDY
I guess they just didn't want this stuff anymore.

Alan takes a shirt from the trunk. It's a rather loud plaid short sleeved shirt. He holds it wistfully. He speaks without looking up.

ALAN
This was my dad's.

He is silent. Doesn't move. Judy senses he might want to be alone.

JUDY
We'll wait downstairs.

INT. BATHROOM

Alan stands in front of a mirror. He is methodically cutting his hair with a small pair of scissors.

His beard and his hair are much shorter. His beard is actually fairly well trimmed, short and even neat, but he has had a much harder time, evidently, with his hair. It is spiky and unkempt, but still a vast improvement.

He is wearing the plaid shirt, which is too big for him, as are the khaki pants. He has a pair of old canvas sneakers on. His zipper is down.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Peter and Judy wait anxiously at the game board.

PETER
What's taking so long?

JUDY
I don't know. Maybe we should go up.

EXT. 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY

Judy and Peter stand by the bathroom door. They knock.

JUDY
Alan?

There is no reply. They open the door. The bathroom window is wide open. They run to it and see Alan skillfully swing from one branch to another through the large maple trees outside.

JUDY
Alan! Alan!

PETER
(angrily)
That... that cockroach!!

The children dash out of the room.

EXT. PARISH HOUSE YARD

Alan drops out of the tree. In the background we see Judy and Peter running off the porch. He runs off.

EXT. SIDE OF PARRISH HOUSE

Judy and Peter grab their bicycles and pedal after him.

EXT. YARDS AND STREETS OF PARRISH NEIGHBORHOOD

We see Alan effortlessly jump fences and hedges as the children struggle to keep up.

EXT. BRANTFORD VILLAGE GREEN

Alan streaks by with the children falling behind.

EXT. ROAD BY WOODLAND PATH

Judy and Peter stand by their bikes, panting, looking down the overgrown path.

PETER
I think he went down there.

The path is too thick with vegetation for the bikes. They lay them down and go by foot.

EXT. PARKING LOT AT END OF WOODLAND PATH

Judy and Peter exit the path and stand in the large empty parking lot of the obviously abandoned Parrish shoe factory. The sign, though faded, is still legible.

JUDY
Oh no.

PETER
What?

JUDY
His father. He came here to find his father.

They walk toward the derelict building.

PETER
I don't think he's going to find anybody here.

INT. PARRISH FACTORY

Peter and Judy cross the cavernous empty space. Birds fly among the high steel rafters. Water drips down. There are puddles on the floor. Refuse, empty boxes, and old pallets lie around.

JUDY
(calling out)
Alan!

PETER
(calling out)
Alan!

INT. ANOTHER PART OF THE FACTORY

We see Alan sitting on some boxes. He stares blankly at the floor. We hear Peter's voice call for him. Judy steps from behind an abandoned piece of equipment.

JUDY
Alan.
(beat)
Peter, I found him.

Peter joins them. Alan holds a flattened Parrish shoe box. He has a worried look on his face.

ALAN
Where is everybody? Where's my dad?

JUDY
Alan, you know they're probably... They probably just moved. Maybe your dad built a new factory somewhere else.

PETER
Yeah, I'll bet that's it.

Alan looks up, brightening a little.

ALAN
Do you think so?

JUDY
Sure. This is a pretty old building.

Alan looks around the vast space. He stands, his spirits suddenly restored.

ALAN
Dad used to talk about that, building a new factory.

EXT. PARRISH FACTORY - PARKING LOT

Judy, Peter, and Alan squeeze out through a broken door of the factory. They walk across the parking lot.

JUDY
It might not be close by. They could have built it a long ways away, even a different state.

Alan stops. A troubled expression crosses his face.

ALAN
Do you think so?

JUDY
Maybe.
(beat)
Here's what I think we should do. We'll go back to the house and finish the game. Then we can use the phone to...

Alan is not listening to her. He has noticed a man fishing from the old iron bridge that crosses the river by the factory. He walks quickly toward him. Judy and Peter hurry to catch up.

PETER
I knew it. He's never gonna play with us.

EXT. IRON BRIDGE

A TACITURN YANKEE stands on the bridge. He has a pipe in his mouth and wears a khaki cap with a long black bill. He holds his fishing pole over the water and stares straight ahead. He is about sixty-five years old. Alan approaches him, Judy and Peter behind.

ALAN
Do you know where the shoe factory is?

The Yankee turns to Alan, who still looks a little strange with his haircut and shirt. He turns back to look at the river.

YANKEE
(nodding to abandoned building)
It's right there.

JUDY
No. He means the new one. Do you know where they moved?

YANKEE
Didn't.

JUDY
Didn't?

YANKEE
Went bankrupt.

Judy looks at Alan. His expression quickly changes. He is scared.

ALAN
Bank..Bankrupt. When?

The Yankee looks at the sky briefly, calculating.

YANKEE
1975.

Alan is too freaked to ask anything else. Judy can see this.

JUDY
Do..do you know what happened to the owner?

YANKEE
Yup.

JUDY
Do they... Does he live around here?

YANKEE
Nope.

JUDY
Where'd they move to?

YANKEE
Didn't.

There is a moment of silence.

PETER
(puzzled)
If they don't live here anymore and they didn't move away, then where are they?

EXT. CHURCHYARD CEMETERY - MAIN STREET

In a tight shot we see a single tombstone. It reads: "Here lies SAMUEL ALAN PARRISH June 18, 1921 - May 6, 1991 and his loving wife CAROL ANNE November 20, 1930 - May 6, 1991."

In a wider shot we see Alan, Judy, and Peter facing the stone. It is a classic New England church yard cemetery. Tall trees shade the grave sites. The wind rustles the leaves. A white clapboard church is in the background. Alan is crying.

JUDY
Our dad...our dad died in an accident, too. Not a car accident. Something fell...

Alan gets his crying under control. He wipes away a tear.

ALAN
Fell?

JUDY
(solemnly)
An air conditioner. He was walking to work and...

Judy can't finish her sentence.

ALAN
...I'm sorry.

Now Peter begins to weep. Judy puts her arm around him.

ALAN
(awkwardly, not knowing what else to say)
What did your dad do?

JUDY
He wrote advertisements. You know, for soap, toilet paper, toothpaste.

PETER
(through his tears)
Trucks...trucks, too.

JUDY
Well once, I guess, for trucks. Lots of stuff.

Now Judy gets choked up. Alan, who has been totally self-absorbed up to this point, looks at his young friends. He puts a hand on Judy's shoulder.

They walk together to the gate of the cemetery. Judy and Peter pick up their bikes. As they leave the cemetery and walk up Main Street, they pass a mother who is looking into a baby carriage. Staccato high pitched sneezes come from it.

MOTHER
Does mummy's little snookums have a cold?

More sneezes come from the carriage.

Judy and Peter walk on, but Alan starts to cross the street. The children stop and turn.

JUDY
Alan, come on. We've got to finish the game before our mom comes home.

Alan does not respond. He looks straight ahead, hypnotized, gazing at a convenience store.

ALAN
I want a Coke. I want some potato chips. I want...a Ding Dong.

JUDY
(insistently)
Alan.

Alan ignores her and continues across the street. Judy and Peter, exasperated, catch up to him.

JUDY
If we get you some food, will you play?

ALAN
I...just want some real food. It's been so long.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE

The trio walks down an aisle as Alan loads up.

JUDY
Come on, Alan.

Alan carries two bags of chips, a bag of Fritos, a two liter bottle of Coke, Twinkies, Ding Dongs, etc.

They proceed to the cash register. Before the clerk has rung up the purchase, Alan opens the Coke and takes a long, long drink. The clerk looks at him disapprovingly.

CLERK
(to Alan)
That will be $11.82.

Alan ignores him as he rips open the chips. Judy has taken a small change purse from her pocket. She hands some money to the clerk.

JUDY
Here.

The clerk makes change. He bags the Ding Dongs and cup cakes, the Fritos. The trio goes to the door.

EXT. MAIN STREET - FRONT OF CONVENIENCE STORE

Alan sits down at the curb, finishing off the bottle of Coke. The bag of chips is by his side. Judy and Peter stand just behind him.

JUDY
(pleadingly)
Come on, Alan. You said if we bought you the Coke...

Alan takes the bottle from his lips and lets out a big belch. He turns and looks up at the children.

ALAN
(impatient, disdainful)
Listen, you don't know what the jungle is like. You think lions are bad? You haven't seen anything.

JUDY
But you said you would.

PETER
You promised.

ALAN
To get rid of some monkeys? Fix some broken dishes? I spent twenty four years there.
(belch)
I never wanna see that game again.

Alan unwraps a ding dong and looks away from Judy and Peter.

JUDY
(challenging, bluffing)
Alright then. We'll just play by ourselves.

PETER
(worried, she's serious)
Judy!

ALAN
(mouth full of Ding Dong)
Go ahead. Nothing will happen.

JUDY
Why not?

ALAN
Think about it.
(beat)
I came back when you rolled the dice.

JUDY
So?

ALAN
So. You're playing the same game I started. It's not your turn. Not Peter's turn.
(takes a bite of ding dong)
Not mine either.

A look of amazed recognition crosses Judy's face. Her hand goes to her cheek.

JUDY
(quietly)
The fourth player.

ALAN
That's right. Who knows what happened to her.

PETER
To who?

ALAN
Sarah. Sarah Whittle.

PETER
(emphatically)
Sarah Whittle?

JUDY
Oh no.

Alan looks at them puzzled.

Just then a car pulls up, almost hitting Alan. He jumps to his feet. It brakes sharply as it stops at the curb. A smartly dressed, disheveled woman gets out. It is the realtor who sold the Parrish house. She recognizes Judy and Peter.

MRS. THOMAS
Hello. Peter and Judy, right?

The agent, in contrast to her sophisticated clothing, is scratching herself in a somewhat unlady-like fashion.

PETER/JUDY
(preoccupied)
Hi.

The agent looks at Alan who does not speak but views her suspiciously. She extends her hand.

MRS. THOMAS
Hello, I'm Marilyn...
(she stops to scratch)
Marilyn Thomas.

Alan stares at her, slowly takes her hand, remains speechless.

JUDY
Ah...this is our..uncle..Uncle Alan.

MRS. THOMAS
Nice to meet you, up for a visit... how nice. You from New York City, too?

She doesn't wait for an answer. She turns, sneezes twice and makes a wild twitching motion with her left arm, as if it was suddenly pulled by a string. She walks into her office. The trio watches her in amazement.

A dog approaches them. It stops and scratches itself madly. Then it gets up, sneezes, rotates its head sharply, and trots off. Alan looks troubled.

ALAN
What the...

Suddenly the distinctive sound of the mosquito can be heard. The bug dives and buzzes around the children. Alan swings wildly.

ALAN
Get in the car! Get in the car!

The children dive into the realtor's car. Alan jumps into the driver's seat.

INT. AGENT'S CAR

Judy is in the front seat with Alan. Peter is in the back. The mosquito can be heard banging against the windows. Finally, it buzzes off.

JUDY
(amazed)
It's the mosquito from the game.

PETER
I thought we killed it.

ALAN
The fever. It brought the fever.

PETER
Itchy. Twitchy, sneezy fever, right?

ALAN
That's right.

JUDY
Do you think Mrs. Thomas has...

Alan nods.

JUDY
That baby in the carriage, that dog...

Alan looks directly at Judy.

ALAN
I've seen it, in the jungle.

JUDY
How long does it last?

ALAN
The sneezing, a few days. But the itching and twitching...

There is a long pause.

JUDY
Yes?

Alan just shakes his head. An elderly couple walks by the car. They are clearly victims of the mosquito. They are itching and twitching like mad. It looks like they are doing some bizarre and comical dance.

JUDY
Alan.

Alan does not respond as he watches the twitching oldsters make their way down the street.

JUDY
(earnestly)
Alan, we've got to play.

ALAN
(irritated)
I told you. It's not my turn.

JUDY
I know. We have to get Sarah.

PETER
We know where she is.

ALAN
(surprised)
You do? Sarah Whittle?

JUDY
She still lives next door.

PETER
Yeah, and you know something else?

Peter waits for a response. Judy and Alan both turn to the back seat.

PETER
She's never gonna play.

The mosquito starts banging against the glass again

EXT. A SMALL BAKERY AT THE END OF MAIN STREET

The realtor's car comes weaving crazily down the street. It overshoots the bakery, jumps a curb, and takes out a section of picket fence. The driver's door opens. Alan climbs out and looks back into the car.

ALAN
See, I told you. Anybody can drive a car. Wait here. Keep the windows up.

Alan slowly approaches the bakery door. The large front window shatters when a cake-stand flies through it. Alan throws open the door and sees the place is being torn up by the JUMANJI MONKEYS.

INT. BAKERY

Some of them are covered with flour. They are hurling pastries back and forth at each other, zinging pie plates around like lethal frisbees, squirting frosting from pastry bags, and launching balls of dough with wooden spoons. Alan looks around, dodging flying food. He doesn't see anyone.

ALAN
Sarah! Sarah!

He hears a voice from behind the counter.

Sarah
Help. Help. I'm over here.

Alan goes to Sarah and helps her up. He leads her out, at one point fending off a large monkey with a stiff baguette to the groin.

EXT. BAKERY

Sarah leans against the side of the bakery. She wipes pastry filling from her eyes. She is in a very agitated, semi-hysterical state. She nervously brushes flour from her dress, picks bits of jelly from her sleeve. She doesn't even look at Alan.

SARAH
(nervously, breathlessly)
I don't know where they came from. They just came in and I thought, what is this? Is this a joke and then they started, they started grabbing things, grabbing me, and I... I couldn't get out and this big one kept... kept. I got to the phone and called the police and they... I don't know they just sneezed, the policeman kept sneezing and I kept telling him, the monkeys, the monkeys and he just kept sneezing, and I was so frightened that the big one...

She finally takes a breath and looks at Alan. Not his face, because she has been looking down all this time, cleaning herself.

She sees first, his baggy clothes and slowly and silently lifts her head and looks at him directly. Her eyes drift back down. She looks at him with deep suspicion, loathing.

SARAH
Those are your monkeys aren't they? You're from the circus, or something.

Her fear let her tongue loose. Now her anger twists it.

SARAH
You just...You just...you just b.b..b..bought a lot of cream puffs, mister.

ALAN
Those aren't my monkeys, Sarah.

SARAH
(suspiciously)
How did you know my... my name.

ALAN
Sarah, those monkeys..those monkeys are from JUMANJI.

Sarah's eyes open wide, her mouth opens slightly. Her hands go to her face. She is truly freaked now.

ALAN
JUMANJI, Sarah.

Sarah covers her ears. Alan takes them away. She looks down.

SARAH
Who are you? What's JU..JU..MANJI?

ALAN
The game, Sarah, the game. The one you played with Alan. The one with the bats.

Sarah looks up.

SARAH
How... how did you know about the b..b... bats? Only Cecil and Robert know about the b..b..bats.

ALAN
I know because...because I was there.

Sarah looks at Alan. Slowly, she sees the boy's face in the adult's. Her face registers complete amazement.

SARAH
(almost a whisper)
Alan?

She faints.

INT. REALTOR'S CAR

Judy and Peter watch Alan approach with Sarah over his shoulder. He opens the back door and puts her in the car.

PETER
Did you hit her?

ALAN
(impatient)
No, I didn't hit her.

Alan gets in the car behind the wheel.

ALAN
O.K., lets try this again.

He turns the key. The engine roars. He rams the gear shift lever back and forth.

EXT. PARRISH HOUSE

The realtor's car makes a very wide turn into the driveway and comes to a sudden stop when it slams into a tree.

Judy and Peter and Alan get out. Alan gets Sarah, still unconscious. They can see the POSTMAN across the street. He is laying on the ground, rolling from side to side, scratching himself. He is naked from the waist up. Every once in a while he flaps his arms in an exaggerated imitation of a chicken.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Sarah is on the couch. Judy, Peter and Alan stand around her.

Sarah slowly comes to. She gets things in focus and her limp body immediately tenses up. She looks nervously around.

ALAN
It's okay.

She stares at Alan. She stands and looks at him from a closer range, then looks around the room. She spots the JUMANJI board, walks to it and stops, gazing down.

Judy, Peter and Alan hear a kind of chant coming from her.

SARAH
This isn't happening, this isn't happening. This isn't happening, this isn't happening.

She turns, still chanting, and walks to the front door.

SARAH
This isn't happening.

Alan goes to stop her, the children follow.

ALAN
Sarah, listen.

He stands in front of the door. She keeps chanting. Alan talks over her.

ALAN
Listen. This is happening. This is real. I've been stuck in that game for twenty four years. But I'm here, now. I'm real, I'm real.

Sarah stands robot like, staring straight ahead, still chanting.

JUDY
(tentatively)
Miss. Whittle... Sarah. We need you to play the game with us.

Alan, looking at Judy, drops his guard. Sarah takes the door knob, opens the door and looks out.

EXT. PARRISH FRONT YARD

The postman is in the front yard, dressed only in his underwear doing an odd spinning dance while he tries to

SARAH
Twenty four. When those bats...when those bats...

Judy intervenes, stepping towards Sarah.

JUDY
(kindly, persuasively)
Sarah, we have to play. All those people itching and twitching...You know the mosquito bites dogs and, and...cats, too.

Sarah looks up alarmed.

SARAH
Cats?

Judy nods. Sarah gets to her feet, nervously wringing her hands.

SARAH
Cats?

Judy leads her to the board.

PETER
(to Sarah)
We'll be O.K. Alan's going to take care of us.

Sarah shoots Alan a nasty look.

SARAH
(bitterly)
Just like he d..d..did last time.

The game is now set up at a table. The four players sit in chairs. Alan reaches out and takes the dice into his right hand. He looks at Judy.

ALAN
You sure this is going to work?

Judy reaches down and picks up the game board.

JUDY
(earnestly)
It says so right here. When the game's over everything will be like it was, like we didn't even play.

Alan takes a deep breath.

ALAN
O.K.
(beat)
Here we go.

With his left hand Alan takes Sarah's hand, which is closed in a fist. Alan looks at her. Slowly her fingers open.

Alan places the dice in her open palm. He withdraws his hand from Sarah's and we can see that her hand is trembling.

She closes her eyes, wraps her fingers around the dice and holds them to her chest. She chants quietly.

SARAH
This isn't happening. This isn't happening. This isn't happening.

She drops the dice. The drums begin, her token slowly slides forward. Sarah's eyes are still closed. Judy reads as the lettering appears.

JUDY
"These jungle moths they love to eat, the woolen socks right off your feet.

Alan looks quickly at his partner's clothes.

ALAN
Anybody wearing wool?

Judy and Peter ponder his question, and slowly shake their heads. Sarah eyes are still closed. She chants, not listening to Alan. Suddenly the room is filled with MOTHS. They pour in from everywhere. Their wings are the size of a child's hands. From under furniture, from behind curtains, out of vases.

The room is so thick with them that the players cannot see each other. The collective sound is like a thousand small fans.

Just as suddenly as they arrived, they disperse, flying out of the room. Sarah's eyes are tightly closed, her hands clenched in fists on the table. The others look around the room.

There are enormous holes in the upholstery, stuffing sticks out all over. The curtains look like swiss cheese, so does the carpet.

ALAN
Sarah, you can open your eyes.

She doesn't.

ALAN
(forcefully)
Open your eyes.

She does.

She is breathing quickly, flirting with a full blown anxiety attack. She looks down and shrieks, jumping to her feet. Her skirt, like the curtains, looks like swiss cheese. It is rather revealing. Sarah tries to cover herself, then realizes sitting down will conceal her better than her hands can. She drops back into her seat.

ALAN
(rolling his eyes)
Everybody ready?

They nod. He rolls and his piece moves. He reads the scroll.

ALAN
"Your party doesn't feel too well,
could it be the blossom's smell?"

Alan looks at the floor. SMALL RED BLOSSOMS begin growing out of the holes in the carpet. They grow larger, to the size of lettuce.

PETER
(sniffing)
They smell great.

JUDY
(breathing in)
Yeah, it's like...

ALAN
(holding his nose)
Don't. Don't breath in. Hold your breath.

SARAH
(taking a deep breath)
Why? It smells wonderful.

Alan get up from the table and heads toward the kitchen. Judy and Peter have covered their noses.

SARAH
(inhaling deeply)
It's like lilacs.
(inhales)
Or is it, is it...

Suddenly, Sarah's face changes dramatically. Her cheeks puff out, her hand goes to her mouth. She's going to be sick.

INT. LIVING ROOM FLOOR

In a close shot we see the red blossoms on the rug instantly wither away as water falls on them. Sarah can be heard moaning. A wider shot shows Alan dribbling water from a large pitcher. He goes to the table and sits down.

ALAN
Whose turn is it? Peter?

He hands Peter the dice. He looks at Sarah, who is leaning over the side of her chair. She lifts her head up and wipes the corner of her mouth with the back of her hand. She looks like she's seasick.

ALAN
You'll feel better in a few minutes.

Peter rolls the dice. His piece moves.

PETER
"This must be your lucky day, the jungle's peaceful in every way."
(to Alan, disappointed)
Is that all? I thought you said the jungle was really scary.

ALAN
(coldly)
Don't complain.

PETER
But you said it was scary.

ALAN
(bitterly)
In twenty four years I didn't have one peaceful day. You understand? Not one.

PETER
You mean the lions and tigers...

ALAN
Not just animals.

JUDY
There were people there, too?

Alan nods.

PETER
Like natives?

Alan nods.

JUDY
Did you talk with them?

ALAN
No.

PETER
Why not?

ALAN
Why not? Because all they wanted to do was boil me for dinner.

SARAH
(rallying from her nausea)
That...that's silly. That's only in movies.

Alan stares at the game board.

ALAN
That's what it's like in there. Like a movie, like a dream. It's a make believe jungle, but it's real.

JUDY
Did you try to leave? You know just start walking?

ALAN
If I climbed a tree I could see JUMANJI, the towers of the city. I could walk for days, but each time I'd climb a tree, there they were. The towers. In the exact same place.

PETER
Gosh.

They sit in silence for a moment.

PETER
Do you think we'll see some natives?

Alan picks up the dice.

ALAN
Not if we're lucky.

He hands the dice to Judy.

ALAN
Your turn..

She rolls the dice. Her piece advances. She reads the message.

JUDY
"It grows much faster than bamboo, this vine is sticky, just like glue."

The players, watch as SMALL VINES push out from behind pictures, out of drawers, from in between sofa cushions, out of electrical outlets, from molding around the ceiling.

ALAN
This stuff can grow a foot a minute. I've seen it cover small animals. Even wild pigs, while they slept.

No one is looking at Alan. They are transfixed by the many tendrils of vine creeping into the room.

PETER
What happens to them? To the pigs?

Alan doesn't answer.

JUDY
What happens?

Alan looks at Sarah, back to Judy.

ALAN
(reluctantly)
It's like a venus fly trap.

PETER
You mean it...It...?

Alan nods. Sarah reacts with a sharply drawn breath. Tiny bits of plaster fall on the game board. They all look up. There is SMALL CRACK in the ceiling. A vine emerges.

PETER
Wow.

Alan holds out the dice.

ALAN
Sarah, it's your turn.

SARAH
I want to go home.

ALAN
(impatiently)
Sarah.

Sarah takes the dice. She closes her eyes and rolls. Judy reads the board.

JUDY
"Haste is what the wise man makes when he sees the great green snakes."

Sarah's eyes blink open, wide.

SARAH
Snake?

Peter's gaze is fixed on the mantle piece. He can barely get the word out.

PETER
Snnn..Snnn.. SNAKE.

They all turn and see an IMMENSE GREEN SNAKE, half a foot wide and twenty feet long. It is coiled around the mantle clock.

It slowly constricts, crushing the clock and filling the room with sounds of splintering wood and the cacophony of the breaking chime mechanism. The snake seems content on the mantle.

ALAN
It's okay. As long as it stays up there we'll be alright.

But at the same time, Alan is scanning the room, leaning back and forth in his chair, looking under the table.

JUDY
What is it?

ALAN
(head under the table)
Well, it's..uh..you see... they uh..they always travel ...
(head above table)
They travel in pairs.

JUDY
What?

ALAN
Green snakes. They always travel in pairs.

Sarah closes her eyes again.

SARAH
This isn't happening. This isn't happening.

The dice are on Peter's side of the table. Alan extends his hand.

ALAN
Peter, the dice. Sarah, open your eyes.

She ignores him, her chant is very quiet. Alan, Judy, and Peter exchange glances. Alan rolls the dice. It is a nine. His token creeps forward. He reads the scroll himself.

ALAN
"Courage often turns to fright, when jungle sounds begin at night."

Sarah opens her eyes, relieved. She looks at the sun pouring in the windows.

SARAH
Well, we don't have to worry about that, it's not even noon.

Suddenly the ROOM GOES DARK. The sunlight is gone. The four players are stunned. Peter goes to the window and looks out. It is night. The moon and stars are out.

PETER
Cripes.

The jungle sounds begin. Peter runs back to the table. The echoing screeches and animal calls create a sense of vast space in the room, which is lit by the bluish ambient light from outside. Judy turns on a lamp.

ALAN
(to Peter)
Happy now? Is this scary enough?

It is very scary. Peter is definitely spooked. Needless to say, Sarah takes it badly.

JUDY
Alan, is it...is it night everywhere?

ALAN
(angry)
How do I know?

He stands up, agitated. He paces, stroking his beard.

ALAN
(gravely)
This was a mistake. We shouldn't have kept playing.

SARAH
(very anxious)
We can stop. We can stop right now.

Alan continues to pace. The jungle sounds echo through the house. He takes his seat.

ALAN
(resigned)
We can't. We can't stop.
(beat)
Not if we want to see the sun around here again.

Alan takes the dice and holds them out to Peter. Peter just looks at them.

ALAN
Peter, come on.

Peter raises his cupped hands. Alan drops the dice into them. Peter shakes them. And shakes them. And shakes them.

JUDY
Peter!

Peter lets them fly. The dice dance across the board and Peter's token moves.

He reads his message.

PETER
"A curse on you from a holy priest who caught you watching a sacred feast."

There, materialized behind Peter, is one very tall WITCH DOCTOR wearing bizarre and frightening face paint and an elaborate costume covered with tiny feathers. He holds a staff decorated with bones, stones and a tiny bird skull.

WITCH DOCTOR
Tonga Mong Wata Nah Loabie!

He laughs and empties the contents of a pouch onto Peter's head. Alan jumps to intervene but he is no match for the doctor. Raising the staff he touches Alan and utters a few native words.

WITCH DOCTOR
Un gowa longa.

Alan freezes in his tracks. He is leaning forward, arms outstretched, but he is frozen, like a statue. Sarah begins to scream bloody murder. It is clear this annoys the witch doctor.

WITCH DOCTOR
(angrily to Sarah)
Show taga muna!

Sarah keeps screaming

WITCH DOCTOR
Show taga muna!

He takes a step towards Sarah, his staff raised. Judy reaches out and slaps her hand over Sarah's mouth. Silence.

The witch doctor grunts, walks silently around the room, then into the hallway, leaving a trail of tiny feathers. We hear the door open and close.

Judy and Peter go to the living room window.

EXT. PARRISH FRONT YARD - NIGHT

The witch doctor strolls down the front walk. A large dog comes up to him, barking. The witch doctor lifts his staff, freezes him, then continues on.

INT. PARRISH LIVING ROOM

Judy and Peter turn from the window. They go back to Alan who stands motionless by the table, and Sarah who sits in her chair, almost as still, staring at him.

JUDY
(a little panic in her voice)
Alan, Alan can you hear me?

She touches him. Her hand pulls back. She gasps.

SARAH
What... What is it?

JUDY
He's... cold. Alan can you hear me?

Alan speaks through clenched teeth, his lips almost motionless. It is not easy to understand him. He is like the Tin Woodsman in the Wizard of Oz.

ALAN
I an ear oo.

JUDY
What should we do?

ALAN
I ink air is ine on I egg?

PETER
(quietly)
Ine on I egg?

Sarah looks down and sees the VINE on Alan's bare leg. Other tendrils grow nearby.

SARAH
Vine, there on his leg.

JUDY
We have to move him.

The three try to move Alan, but instead, push him out of balance. He comes crashing down on the game table. Judy kneels.

JUDY
Alan, are you okay?

ALAN
I. okay.

Though he lies on the ground, Alan's pose is unchanged. One of the DICE rests directly on his forehead.

Judy takes it and spots the other next to him. She picks up that one and casually tosses them both toward the GAME BOARD, which has landed a few feet away. She turns back to Alan.

JUDY
Is there any...

She hears THE JUNGLE DRUMS, and turns back in horror to see her piece sliding along.

SARAH
Oh dear.

Judy goes to the board and reads.

JUDY
"That's not thunder from the east,
it's wild charging jungle beasts."

A sound of rumbling, distant thunder can be heard. Alan speaks as forcibly as his condition allows him.

ALAN
Et out! Et out of uh room. Now.

JUDY
What is it?

ALAN
Stampede!

The thunder grows louder. Judy, Sarah, and Peter start to drag Alan out of the room, but it is slow going. The room begins to vibrate.

ALAN
Leave me, leave me! Take ha game with oo. Hurry!

Peter takes the board, Judy grabs the dice. Sarah is staring down at Alan, unable to move.

ALAN
ET OUT!

Judy takes her arm and they move toward the dining room, just as the fireplace and the whole interior wall it is against explode as a HERD OF RHINOCEROS burst through.

INT. PARRISH DINING ROOM

From inside the dining room we look, through the same doorway that Peter, Sarah and Judy are grouped around, into the living room.

We see immense gray shapes moving past the opening. Not all of their bodies visible. It is like a freight train passing by. The sound of their pounding feet is mixed with the sounds of breaking furniture.

We hear, unmistakably, the cry of ELEPHANTS. Their enormous legs pass by the door as well, followed by the relative quiet of a group of LEAPING GAZELLES and a FEW DOZEN ZEBRA. Finally, it is silent.

INT. PARRISH LIVING ROOM

Judy Peter and Sarah timidly step into the room. It is a total wreck, as if it had been bombed. The floor is covered deep in rubble. A muffled but distinct sound comes from beneath the rubble. Part of an exterior wall is missing.

Dust hangs in the air, illuminated by moonlight.

JUDY
Alan? Alan?

They start digging through the debris. Sarah sees a pillow move. She picks it up and discovers the green snake. She shrieks.

Judy hears the muffled sound again. She follows it and uncovers Alan's frozen dust covered face.

JUDY
He's here. He's here.

Sarah and Peter help unbury Alan. He truly looks like a statue now, monochromatically colored by dust. The three work together and help put him upright. He is in the same pose.

SARAH
Alan?

ALAN
I okay. Ran right ohar me, I dint heel a ting.

Alan's eyes shift around, they fix on Peter.

ALAN
Oh oy.

Judy and Sarah follow Alan's gaze. Peter is picking his nose. His hand is covered with fur. Sarah gasps.

JUDY
Peter. Your hand.

Peter takes his hand away and looks at the back. He holds up the other hand. They are both covered with thick brown hair. Judy pushes one of his sleeves up - more hair.

ALAN
(to Peter)
Oo heel O.K.?

PETER
(spooked)
I don't know.

JUDY
(distressed)
What's happening to him?

ALAN
(whose dialogue will be spelled conventionally from this point)
The curse.

JUDY
It'll be okay though. We'll finish the game, then it will be okay, won't it?

Alan doesn't answer.

JUDY
(insistently)
Won't it?

ALAN
Judy, I can't roll the dice.

Judy looks at Alan's immobile hands. In frustration she grabs them, pushing and pulling. Alan rocks back and forth. He tips over again, this time leaning on an angle against the debris. Judy is almost in tears.

ALAN
There is a way to... to unfreeze me, but...

SARAH
What is it?

ALAN
The thing the witch doctor hit me with...

JUDY
The thing with the bird skull?

ALAN
Yes.
(beat)
If you... touch me with it again, then...

SARAH
(incredulous)
What!? Are you s..saying the only way we can, we can keep playing this stupid game is if we get that... that thing back?

Sarah starts climbing over debris toward the front hall. She stumbles in her haste, picks herself up and turns back to the living room.

SARAH
(vehemently, angrily)
Every time we roll the d..d..dice it just gets worse. Now you expect us to..to wrestle some seven foot tall witch doctor. Well, I won't...I can't.

Sarah turns away. We hear the door open and close. Judy begins to climb over the debris. Alan cannot follow her movement but calls out to her.

ALAN
Judy!

JUDY
I'm going to get the..the skull thing.

She marches off. We hear the door open and close.

ALAN
(quietly)
Peter? Peter?

Peter comes into Alan's view. His eyebrows look a little heavy. He bends down to Alan.

ALAN
Oh, there you are.
(beat)
You know something, you've got a brave sister.

EXT. PARRISH FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Judy closes the door behind her and sees the trail of feathers left behind by the witch doctor's costume. They lead down the front walk.

EXT. FRONT YARD

Judy walks past the frozen snarling dog and reaches the sidewalk. She turns and sees Sarah.

EXT. SIDEWALK BY WHITTLE HOUSE

Sarah kneels in front of five frozen pussy cats. She is grief-stricken.

SARAH
Cecil, Cecil, Robert, Luther...

She picks one up. It's as if it was stuffed. Judy kneels beside her.

JUDY
(gently)
Sarah, they'll be alright, but we have to find the witch doctor.

Sarah puts down the cat, and picks up another one. She clutches it to her bosom.

SARAH
Francine.

JUDY
Sarah.

Sarah puts the cat down. It tips over. She puts it back up. It tips over again. It keeps tipping over. Finally, she leans two cats together and slowly gets to her feet.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET

Judy and Sarah walk past a yard with grazing gazelles. Judy bends down.

JUDY
Here's another one.

She picks up a feather and points.

JUDY
He's going that way.

They hear sneezing. A door of a house opens and two teenagers come tumbling down the porch stairs, sneezing, twitching and scratching furiously.

EXT. MAIN STREET - EDGE OF BRANTFORD

A car travels along slowly.

INT. CAR

We see Nora driving, a very worried look on her face. Her radio is on.

RADIO
(folksy DJ voice, anxious)
...some kind of eclipse or sun spots, some military experiment gone hay wire. Who knows, maybe some UFO thing. I've got a caller here from over in West Brantford...go ahead, caller...

EXT. MAIN STREET

The immense CARCASS OF AN ELEPHANT lays motionless across the road. A large truck is partly embedded in a store front next to it. A police car and a rescue vehicle are also at the scene. Lights are flashing. There are flares on the road.

Emergency workers load a man on a stretcher into their van. The young POLICEMAN we first saw on the Parrish porch stands at the back of the vehicle.

Nora's car pulls up. She gets out, staring open mouthed at the elephant. She walks to the policeman just as the rescue vehicle pulls away.

NORA
(agitated, desperate)
What's happening? What's going on?

POLICEMAN
Wish I knew ma'am.

NORA
(pointing)
That's an elephant, isn't it?

POLICE MAN
Sure is, Ma'am.

A GROUP OF ZEBRA walk along the sidewalk. Nora and the policeman look at them.

NORA
This has something to do with this...this eclipse or sun spots or...or whatever it is.

The police man looks up at the sky. He looks back down.

POLICE MAN
All I know for sure is it's night time and this town's filled with animals I've only seen in a zoo..

The police man's radio draws him to his car. He goes to the open door and takes the radio mike.

POLICE MAN
Car four to base.

POLICE RADIO
Phil, get over to Elm Street. A bunch of rhinoceros just ran through the Jeffer's place.

The policeman jumps into his car and speeds away with his siren going.

Nora is left standing alone by the elephants carcass, illuminated by the street lights and flares. She looks at the great hulk, turns away, and bumps into the WITCH DOCTOR. She screams. The witch doctor puts his hands over his ears.

WITCH DOCTOR
Show taga muna!

Nora screams on.

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF MAIN STREET

Judy and Sarah walk along, Sarah looking in amazement around her, Judy intently at the sidewalk.

JUNGLE ANIMALS roam the streets.

There are not many people to be seen, but those that are there are either frozen, or sneeze continually and are in a kind of itchy, twitchy delirium.

Judy and Sarah approach the fallen elephant carcass, following the trail of feathers. Looking down, they do not see the frozen Nora. Nora sees her daughter, but cannot call out loudly enough to get her attention. Judy and Sarah walk on.

A RHINOCEROS strolls out of a dry cleaners with clothing draped from its horn.

CARS are parked helter skelter in the street, some over the curb. The relative silence is broken when a motorcycle roars by. It is driven by a monkey.

Judy stops and looks up at a store front. It is a diner.

JUDY
He's in here.

INT. DINER

The four customers there are frozen. Two GAZELLES eat their food, one timidly working on the hamburger held in the hand of the exterminator. It is clear he was about to take a bite.

Judy and Sarah look around. No witch doctor. They hear a loud banging of pots and pans. The cook comes twirling out of the kitchen. Itching and twitching like crazy.

EXT. FRONT OF DINER

Judy looks up and down the street. Sarah stands behind her.

SARAH
(nervously, without a pause)
Maybe there's some other way we can unfreeze them you know we could just try something maybe an electric blanket or maybe I don't know maybe a hot shower...no no no no the kitties wouldn't like that but maybe...

JUDY
(listening to something)
Sarah, be quiet.

In the silence they can hear the sound of jungle drums.

JUDY
Come on.

They walked down the street and stop in front of a musical instrument store, the source of the drum sounds. The drumming stops.

INT. MUSICAL INSTRUMENT STORE

Inside the door stands a sales person who was frozen in mid-scream.

Sarah and Judy cautiously look around. They hear the discordant screech of a violin.

Looking down an aisle they see the witch doctor sitting on a drum stool holding a violin in his lap and working a bow like a handsaw. Judy slowly approaches with Sarah, reluctantly following. He looks up at Judy and Sarah and frowns.

WITCH DOCTOR
(angry)
Simbu Tahn Mahka.

He resumes his noise making. His staff lies on the ground. Judy takes a step closer.

They stand in front of him. Sarah eyes the staff. Judy looking perplexed at the witch doctor. More painful sounds comes from the violin. The witch doctor stops and holds up the instrument.

WITCH DOCTOR
(with obvious disgust)
Tahola ah dreck du.

He lifts the instrument and is about to smash it to smithereens. Judy reaches out and stops him.

SARAH
(alarmed)
Judy, what are you...

She tries to take the instrument away from the witch doctor. He holds the instrument tightly, but Judy persists.

SARAH
(through clenched teeth)
Judy, if he wants to break it let him.

JUDY
If he'll just...
(tug)
let...
(tug)
go...

She tugs again. He releases his grip, and she takes the instrument. The witch doctor reaches for his staff, but Judy doesn't notice as she puts the violin under her chin and plays a few beautifully pitched notes, then a few bars of music.

She hands the instrument back. The witch doctor is impressed. He lowers his staff, takes the instrument, and imitates Judy's technique. Judy helps him a little with the fingering. He produces a beautiful tone. He is delighted.

He very slowly picks out one note, then another. Judy and Sarah are impressed. The notes gradually increase in speed, taking on a jungle rhythm. The complexity of the music grows.

The witch doctor gets to his feet. Like Yasha Heifitz, he is totally involved in his music making. His eyes are closed, his face intensely expressive as his right hand bows the violin with extraordinary speed and sensitivity.

Judy stares at the witch doctor, momentarily mesmerized. Sarah steals a glance at the STAFF and taps Judy's shoulder. Judy looks down and slowly bends over to pick up the staff.

Judy and Sarah back cautiously down the aisle. The witch doctor plays on, oblivious to anything but his music.

EXT. SIDEWALK IN FRONT OF MUSIC STORE

Sarah and Judy come out the door. Judy holds the staff and looks in amazement back toward the store. The exotic music continues. Judy stops to listen.

SARAH
(nervously)
Judy, come on.

Judy and Sarah hurry down Main Street.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF PARRISH HOUSE

Judy looks at the Parrish house. It is almost completely covered in vine.

The camera pans over. We see Sarah kneeling by her cats, unfrozen now except for one. Sarah touches the feline with the doctor's staff. It comes back to life. She stands and looks down at her pets.

SARAH
Now I want you to go straight home. Do you understand? Straight home. Cecil, you lead the way.

The cats march away in single file.

INT. PARRISH FRONT HALLWAY

The door opens, but with great difficulty. Vines have begun to grow over it and Judy and Sarah have to push hard to open it far enough to squeeze through. They walk toward the living room.

SARAH
Alan. We..we got it.

INT. LIVING ROOM

There is advanced vine growth here, too. Alan is still where they left him. Alan trains his eye on the staff.

ALAN
(incredulous)
Sarah. That's it. That's the staff.

SARAH
(voice dripping with sarcasm)
No, really.

ALAN
I.. I just wasn't sure you'd be able...

Judy looks around the room. Peter is nowhere in sight.

JUDY
Where's Peter?

Alan doesn't answer. We hear from another room, the sounds of a monkey. A beast of sorts enters the room. It is a small beast. It is in fact, Peter. His curse is progressing. He is smaller now, his clothes hang loosely on him. His features are becoming monkey-like. He is quite hairy. He hops over to his sister. She stares down at him, horrified.

JUDY
P...Peter?

PETER
(looking puzzled, makes monkey sound)
Oook...oook...

Judy kneels, looks Peter in the face.

JUDY
Peter.

He smiles. Judy puts her arms around him.

SARAH
(sounding relieved)
I guess that's it. We can't keep playing with a monkey.

ALAN
He's not a monkey. Not yet. As long as we can get him to roll the dice, we can play. Now unfreeze me.

Sarah doesn't move.

ALAN
(irritated)
Unfreeze me.

Still, she doesn't move.

JUDY
Sarah!

Sarah goes to Alan who is still reclining in the ruble. She looks down and whacks him smartly in the stomach with the staff. Alan grunts and instantly regains his motion. He gets to his feet,rubbing his stomach, looking angrily at Sarah. He looks around the room. His speech is normal.

ALAN
Okay. Where's the game?

JUDY
I left it in the dining room.

INT. DINING ROOM

We see the players once again around the game board. It is set up at the dining room table. Alan holds the dice. The room is thick with vine. The light from the ceiling fixture

creates an odd dappled effect as it passes through the vine's leaves.

ALAN
Sarah.

Sarah takes the dice. She holds them. And holds them.

JUDY
Sarah. Come on.

SARAH
(folding her arms, hesitant)
I want... I want to see Cecil and.. and... Robert and...

ALAN
(sternly)
Sarah.

Each roll of the dice is like jumping off the high board for Sarah. She winces and rolls them. Her piece slides forward and she reads the scroll.

SARAH
"Nature plays a little trick, the sand you're on is very quick."

Instantly Sarah's chair sinks to the seat into a POOL OF QUICKSAND, accompanied by a gloppy, slushy sound.

ALAN
Quicksand!

He grabs the dice and game board and leaps from his seat. Judy, holding Peter, jumps away too. They stand at the edge of the room.

The POOL OF QUICKSAND enlarges. The rest of the dining room furniture begins to sink.

Sarah is now waist deep and hyperventilating. Alan hands Judy the game board. He grabs a length of vine and goes in after Sarah. They are both chest deep, the length of vine stretches tight over Alan's shoulder.

Sarah wraps her arms around him and Alan pulls them to solid floor.

He helps Sarah out, then climbs out himself. They are both exhausted. Sarah lies on the floor. Alan kneels beside

her. She is too wasted to react. They are both covered in mud.

ALAN
(breathing heavily)
We can't stay here, the whole floor's turning to quicksand.

He helps Sarah to her feet, and carefully leads the group around the periphery of the room.

INT. LIVING ROOM

They watch debris slowly sink into the ooze. The group carefully follows Alan (Monkey Peter holding Judy's hand) as he leads them to the stairway. They climb the stairs.

INT. STAIRS LANDING

From the landing, halfway up, they see that the vine grows so thickly at the top it is practically impassable.

ALAN
This is okay.

He sits on a step at the landing. They put the game board down. Sarah sits beside him. Judy and Peter sit on the landing.

Judy, Sarah and Alan look at Peter. His features have taken another step toward monkeyness. His clothes are looser than before.

ALAN
Peter, are you okay?

Peter nods, makes a few monkey sounds, and scratches his arm pits. The other three players exchange worried looks.

Alan shakes the dice and rolls. He reads the board.

ALAN
"It's very wet, but there's a reason, this is, you know, the rainy season."

There is a sudden flash of lightning, followed by a loud clap of thunder. Peter cries out and clings tightly to Judy. Small raindrops begin to fall, there is more thunder and lightning. The rains start falling torrentially.

Alan pockets the dice. Suddenly, the water comes cascading down the stairway as if a dam had burst up above. Alan is washed off the step. He grabs Judy and Peter and holds on to the bannister with his other hand. The water volume increases. It roars like a waterfall.

ALAN
(loudly)
Sarah. Sarah.

He cannot see her or hear her. Neither can we. The deluge goes on. More lightning and thunder. Then suddenly it stops.

The rushing river drains away, but the first floor is now under three or four feet of water.

Sarah is nowhere to be seen. Alan, drenched, frees his grip on Judy, who still holds Peter. In the flood, he has lost his shirt. His torso is completely covered in hair.

ALAN
(looking down at the stairs)
Sarah, Sarah.

Nothing. Not a sound, except for dripping water.

INT. BOTTOM OF STAIRS

He goes to the last step above water. He looks around.

ALAN
Sarah?

He sits down, defeated. His will power is gone. Judy moves down the steps and sits by him. Peter joins them.

JUDY
(staring blankly at the water)
I...I guess that's it. The game's gone, too.

ALAN
(not looking up)
I thought... I thought I could take care of her. This time.

They sit in silence for a moment, then look up when they hear a splashing sound. From out of the dining room comes Sarah. She is swimming a slow, fastidious breast stroke.

ALAN
Sarah!

Alan goes down a few steps, into the water, he takes her hand and pulls her up. She sits on the steps, her feet still in the water.

SARAH
I can't do this anymore. I'm sorry
I just... I just...

Alan sits beside her. He puts his arm over her shoulder. *Judy sits by her, too,* holding Peter. The boy has continued to metamorphosize. He grows smaller and hairier by the minute.

ALAN
It's okay, Sarah. It's over. You don't have to play anymore.
We..we've lost the game board.

Sarah's face brightens a little.

SARAH
(hopefully)
Really? Really?
(beat)
You know I probably could have gone...

Sarah is interrupted by Judy's display of grief over her brother's apparently permanent monkey status.

JUDY
(her arms around Peter, overwrought)
Peter, Peter, what have we done?
What am I going to tell mom?

There is an uneasy silence. Sarah tries to comfort Judy. She looks at Peter and with difficulty, brings herself to touch him.

SARAH
You know he's...he's really a very nice looking...ah ...monkey.

Judy looks up quickly at Sarah, her face suggesting she's about to say something unkind. Suddenly, her expression changes dramatically.

JUDY
Alan, Alan, look!

From water level, looking back to the staircase, we see in the foreground, the game board slowly floating toward the steps.

INT. THE STAIR LANDING

The four players are gathered around the game board once again. Alan is holding the dice. He holds them out to Peter.

ALAN
Okay now Peter, it's your turn.

Monkey Peter looks at the dice quizzically. He scratches his head.

JUDY
Come on, Peter.

Judy mimes rolling the dice. Peter follows her example. He rolls. Judy reads his square.

JUDY
"You'll make tracks without fail,
when the pygmies find your trail."

Alan quickly puts his fingers to his lips. He leans forward and takes a step or two down the stairs and rapidly turns back, motioning with his hands to get down.

INT. HALLWAY

From the players POV we see three pygmies in a dugout canoe. They paddle slowly down the hallway.

BOTTOM OF STAIRS LOOKING UP FROM WATER.

The canoe glides silently by the stairs. The pygmies do not notice the figures on the landing. The pygmies are wearing a kind of war paint. In spite of their small size, they are very scary. They float toward the living room.

INT. STAIR LANDING

The crouching and kneeling figures watch the canoe pass out of sight. Suddenly Peter lets out a full volume MONKEY SHRIEK.

ALAN
Run!

We can hear furious paddling. Alan grabs Peter.

ALAN
Judy, the board, the dice.

INT. BOTTOM OF STAIRWAY

The pygmies approach the bottom of the stairs, their blow guns are out.

INT. THE LANDING

Poison darts sail through the air as Judy, Alan, and Sarah run to the top of the stairs.

INT. TOP OF STAIRS

Alan hands off Monkey Peter to Sarah and furiously pulls away at the vine. They plunge through.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

The foursome forces its way through the vine wall. First Sarah and Peter, then Judy, then Alan emerge. They are covered with sticky leaves and stems.

Alan gets in front and leads them through the vine clogged corridor into the master bedroom.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

Alan locks the door of the bedroom. It is a large room with its own fireplace and adjoining bathroom. The group is a little the worse for wear.

Sarah puts Peter down and goes and sits quietly by the bed. Judy joins her, putting the gameboard between them. Peter opens the drawers of his mother's bureau and starts tossing out her underwear.

JUDY
(without energy or conviction)
Peter. Peter.

She gets up to go to him, but stops in her tracks when she sees the enormous head of the LION appear at the open closet door.

JUDY
A..A..Alan.

The lion roars. Peter jumps into Judy's arms. She steps back. The lion approaches. Alan grabs a chair. He tries to distract the lion, who seems interested only in Judy and Peter.

Sarah rises from the bed and moves close to the Lion. She is clearly frightened.

SARAH
(speaking to the lion as if it were a baby)
Hello. Well aren't you a big boy? What a very nice mane you have.

The lion roars.

SARAH
And what nice white teeth.

The lion has now directed his attention to her.

SARAH
You know, I think you look a little thirsty. Would you like a drink?

The lion cocks his head.

SARAH
We need lots of water every day to keep our coat looking nice. Did you know that?

Sarah approaches the bathroom door.

SARAH
Right in here.

Sarah goes into the bathroom. The lion follows her. We hear the unmistakable sound of the toilet bowl lid hitting the back of the toilet, the sound of the lion slurping water.

SARAH
(off camera)
Now isn't that good?

Sarah slowly backs out of the bathroom and closes the door. She looks a little weak on her feet.

Alan still holds the chair he was using to distract the lion. He puts it down near the bed and goes to Sarah. He leads her to the chair. She sits.

ALAN
Sarah...Sarah that was terrific.

Sarah might have used up the last of her courage with the lion. She has a vacant look in her eye. She is like a shell shocked GI. Alan is clumsy at this, but he can see she needs encouragement. He kneels in front of her.

ALAN
Sarah, it won't be much longer.
(he nods at the board)
Judy and I are only three,
(he counts the squares)
even two, maybe two moves away from the end.

Sarah looks at him but does not respond. Judy is still trying to get hold of Peter, who is running around the room. The rest of his clothes have fallen off. He is almost 100% monkey.

JUDY
Peter.

ALAN
(turning to Judy)
Judy, come on. It's your turn.

Judy goes to the bed, takes the dice and rolls. Her piece crawls forward. Alan reads.

ALAN
"They eat anything, not just plants,
these hungry marching ants."

Alan quickly scans the floor.

ALAN
(urgently)
Sarah get up on the bed.

Alan goes across the room and forcibly grabs Peter and hurries back to the bed. The group sits there and watches the floor in amazement.

A three foot path of carpet disappears as a band of ARMY ANTS marches its way across the room toward the bed. They reach the feet of the bed and their nibbling sound can be

heard, a kind of clicking noise. The bed begins sinking as the legs become shorter and shorter.

Then loudly, a stone axe breaks through the bedroom door. It is the pygmies. As they continue to break the door apart, the bed stops sinking. The path of ants can be seen marching toward the sound.

We see the carpet vanish behind them as they move to, and then beneath, the door. The pygmies can be heard shrieking and running off.

Alan picks up the dice and hands them to Sarah. She takes them. We see her hands shaking a little.

She takes a deep breath, and rolls: She reads the board in an uninflected whisper.

SARAH
"You'll want to have a place to go,
when the lava starts to flow."

ALAN
(looking at the board)
What?

The room begins to shake, as if an earthquake had begun. Judy falls from the bed. The shaking stops, but the room fills with smoke. Molten lava slowly rolls out of the fireplace.

Alan takes Peter, Judy gets to her feet and grabs the game and dice, and Sarah follows as they move to the door. Alan sets Peter down to deal with the lock and broken shards of wood. Peter hops through the hole created by the pygmies. Alan finally gets the door open again.

EXT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Judy, Alan and Sarah move into the vine covered smokey hallway. They see Peter scoot into the bathroom. They follow him.

INT. BATHROOM

In the large old fashioned white tile bathroom, Judy, Sarah, and Alan sit on the floor around the game board. Peter sits behind Alan on the closed toilet seat. He is rapidly unrolling the toilet paper.

Alan rolls the dice. Judy reads.

JUDY
(looking down)
"All those teeth are not just smiles, they're very hungry crocodiles."

Behind Alan we see the lid of the toilet rise slightly. Peter leaps away with a shriek. Alan turns to see the snout of a reptile pushing up the seat. He jumps to his feet and sits on the lid. Judy scootches back, Sarah gets up and stands by the door.

ALAN
Don't worry, it's just a little one.

Both his hands are wrapped tightly around the rim of the toilet bowl. He rises and falls slightly against the pressure beneath the seat.

ALAN
Judy, hand Peter the dice.

JUDY
(looking around)
Where'd he go?

Monkey sounds come echoing from the large shower stall. We hear the sound of spraying water. Judy goes to the shower stall.

JUDY
Peter.

Judy turns off the water and brings the monkey out. She sits him beside her on the floor and hands him the dice. The monkey takes them and throws them right in Judy's face.

JUDY
Peter!

The dice clatter across the tile floor. Nothing happens. Alan looks closely at the monkey.

ALAN
That's not Peter.

SARAH
(exasperated, almost over the edge)
We know it's not Peter. It's a..it's a... damn monkey.

ALAN
No. I mean that was never Peter.

Judy looks closely at the primate.

JUDY
Peter?

The monkey screeches loudly.

Alan
Peter must be in the house somewhere. Sarah, Judy take the game and get in the hall.

Alan gets an especially strong jolt from under his seat. Judy and Sarah step into the hallway. We see Alan lifted again.

ALAN
Get ready to close the door.

EXT. HALLWAY

Judy and Sarah stand on either side of the door. First the monkey, then Alan comes flying out. Judy slams the door.

They look down the hall and see another monkey running into Peter's bedroom and go to the doorway.

INT. PETER'S BEDROOM

There are a dozen JUMANJI monkeys trashing the room. Furniture is tipped over. A small T.V. is on, laying on its side. All the clothes are out of the drawers.

JUDY
Peter. Peter.

None of the monkeys respond. Then Sarah screams loudly. She points to the bed.

SARAH
Look.

Alan and Judy and the monkeys follow her pointing hand. Uncoiling from beneath the bed is the missing companion of the GREAT GREEN SNAKE. The monkeys go ape and exit helter skelter.

EXT. HALLWAY

Judy, Alan and Sarah are pushed out of the way. Alan grabs the door to confine the snake in the room and sees one monkey remains.

ALAN
Peter?

Judy looks into the room.

INT. PETER'S BEDROOM

The lone monkey sits on the bed mournfully holding two pieces of a torn MICKEY MANTLE BASEBALL CARD.

JUDY
(from the doorway)
Peter?

The monkey looks up. Alan rushes in, grabs him and exits.

EXT. HALLWAY

The foursome stands in the ivy covered hall. The smoke is growing thicker. We hear a dart whiz through the air and plunk into the wall. The pygmies stand at the end of the hallway.

Alan leads the group to the door that leads to the attic.

INT. ATTIC

They run up the stairs and immediately start hurling things from the attic down the narrow stairwell.

They set the game up once again. The attic, too, has vine growth. There is smoke from the lava down below. It is still Peter's turn. Alan holds out the dice. In his hands Peter holds the two pieces of the baseball card.

JUDY
(taking the cards)
I'll hold these.

Peter takes the dice and casually tosses them over his shoulder. We hear them rattling off into the shadowy recesses of the attic. Judy moves to fetch them, but Alan stops her.

ALAN
Wait.

The drums begin and Peter's token inches forward.

ALAN
"Their bites will make you very sickly, thank the lord the end comes quickly."

Alan scans the attic, even looking into the rafters.

ALAN
(ominously)
Judy, hold on to Peter.

He gets up. He sees nothing in the lit area of the room where they sit. He notices an old floor length mirror and uses it to reflect light into the dark nether regions of the attic and sees SCORPIONS. Dozens of them, in every corner of the attic.

Somewhere under the deadly carpet are the dice.

Sarah is now pretty much a basket case. She buries her head in her hands. Even Judy is close to the edge. She clings to Peter like a child with a teddy bear. Alan looks around and grabs an OLD GOLF CLUB. He is about to plunge into the venomous mass.

JUDY
Alan, what are you doing?

ALAN
The dice, we need the dice.

SARAH
(semi-hysterical)
It's hopeless. It's hopeless.

Alan hesitates. He knows she's right but he has no choice. He takes a step into the darkness.

JUDY
Wait.

Alan turns back. She is afraid to let go of Peter. She points to some boxes.

JUDY
Over there, look.

We see the GAME BOXES that Judy and Peter had found earlier.

JUDY
Dice. There must be dice in one of those boxes.

Sarah looks at her. Alan takes a step forward.

JUDY
(desperately)
The rules didn't say what dice to use.

Alan goes to the boxes. A MONOPOLY box is on top. He throws the cover off. There are two dice. He grabs them and hands them to Judy. A scorpion approaches. Alan still stands with his four iron. He tees off on the scorpion. Splat. More are approaching. Judy rolls. The dice work, her piece moves forward.

JUDY
"Pygmies sometimes lose the trail, but Zulu hunters never fail."

We hear DRUMS! Very loud drums. We hear chants and the sound of the door below being broken down. Now even Alan is starting to loose it. He still guards the group, but the scorpions are approaching in greater and greater numbers. He swings away like a farmer with a scythe.

ALAN
(frantically)
Whose turn is it? Roll, roll!

Judy takes the dice with her free hand and holds them out.

JUDY
Sarah. Sarah.

Sarah lifts her head from her hand. Judy drops the dice onto her open palms. Sarah pulls her hands away. The dice fall. Her piece moves. Judy leans forward to read.

JUDY
(anxiously)
"The trail is blocked, you'll have to stay, the Great Gray Ape stands in the way."

They look toward the large gable end window and see the massive dark form of the GIANT APE swinging from a vine toward the window.

He crashes through. He is big. He pounds his chest. The only feature we can make out are clearly GLOWING RED EYES. Alan drops his golf club.

ALAN
(in a whisper)
The gray ape.

JUDY
Alan, Alan, roll the dice.

The ape marches toward them. Alan throws, bare handed, a scorpion at him. The ape pauses. Alan hurls another. Then another and another.

SARAH
Alan!

Alan turns back to the game board and drops to his knees. He reaches for the dice. His hands show the scorpion bites.

The noise from below indicates the Zulus are on the stairs. The scorpions continue to close in. Smoke fills the space and small flames are burning at the edge of the floor.

The ape approaches. Alan has strength to do one thing. He rolls the dice. His token moves forward.

JUDY
(hysterically, jubilantly)
You did it! Alan, you did it!

Alan collapses. Thick smoke fills the room.

JUDY
The word, Alan, say it! Say it!
Say, "JUMANJI!"

We hear Sarah scream and Peter shriek. A close up on Alan's face, his cheek pressed against the floor, shows his lips barely moving.

ALAN
(very weakly)
Jumanji.

The instant Alan utters the word, a powerful organ-like humming begins. We see, rising from the attic floor, vapor like apparitions of the exotic golden towers of JUMANJI.

They vary in width from two to three feet and give off a ghostly golden light. There are slightly transparent, holograph-like. One after another rises from the floor, surrounding the players and the game.

Finally, we see nothing but the small scale glowing city, the players concealed within. The humming builds in intensity as the entire mass of cylindrical towers begins to spin faster and faster. The spinning slows and finally stops.

One by one the towers descend to the floor. Two forms within gradually become visible. The camera closes in on one of them.

We see it as the twelve year old, Alan, sitting cross legged in front of the JUMANJI game. The background shows that he is now in the sun filled living room.

Alan stares straight ahead with a look of absolute amazement. His mouth is slightly open. He is motionless. In the same shot, the camera slowly pans over and we see the eight year old Sarah wearing the exact same expression.

Very slowly, they look down at the gameboard. There are four tokens clustered around the end of the jungle path. One stands alone on the golden city of JUMANJI.

The front door opens. Sam Parrish walks quickly past the doorway of the living room.

SAM PARRISH
Hey kids. Forgot something.

Sarah and Alan stare at each other. Sam Parrish reappears with a large gift wrapped box.

SAM PARRISH
Playing that old game, huh? Maybe mom and I will try it when we get back. See ya.

He is in such a hurry that he does not notice the children are totally ga ga. The door slams shut. Alan jumps up and runs to the door.

EXT. PORCH

Alan comes out the door. His parents and the Whittles are pulling away. He calls out, but they do not hear him. The car drives off. Alan stands in silence. He looks down at his twelve year old body. He goes back inside.

INT. FRONT HALL

Sarah is standing in front of the hall mirror, running her hands over her chest, looking at her arms. Alan stands beside her and goes through the same self inspection, rubbing his whiskerless jaw. Sarah is spooked.

SARAH
Are we...Did we...

Alan walks back to the living room followed by Sarah. He looks down at the game board.

ALAN
(quietly)
Twenty four years. Twenty four years.

He picks up the JUMANJI box and looks at the instructions.

ALAN
She was right. As soon as the game is over...

SARAH
It's like we never played.

Sarah bends down and picks up the two tokens used by Peter and Judy. She holds them tenderly in her open palm, looking down.

SARAH
(wistfully)
Judy.

ALAN
(wistfully)
Peter.

EXT. SIDE OF PARRISH HOUSE

Alan gets on his bike, riding double with Sarah, who carries the JUMANJI box.

EXT. STREETS OF BRANTFORD

They pass the once again picturesque streets and landscapes of Brantford.

EXT. OLD IRON BRIDGE BY SHOE FACTORY

In the middle of the bridge Alan and Sarah get off the bike. They open the box and gather stones from the edge of the road surface. They fill the box. Alan latches it tightly. He winds up an Olympic hammer thrower and sends the box high into the air.

The *JUMANJI* box spins and plunges into the turbulent, fast moving river. It bobs up and down as it's carried along. Then sinks from view.

A rear view on the bridge shows Alan and Sarah looking down at the river. They are holding hands.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

The words, SUMMER 1992, are superimposed on the screen. We see Main Street once again, and it is not only picturesque, but clearly prosperous and active.

The camera moves along and approaches a vast complex of buildings standing by the river. They are sleek structures, cutting edge architecture. A sign identifies them as the home of PARRISH SHOES. The camera closes in on the tall structure framing, a tall window on the top floor.

INT. POSH OFFICE SUITE

An elevator door opens. A MAN and WOMAN exit and cross a carpeted space. They stop in front of a desk where a woman quietly clicks on her word processor. The man is in his late thirties. Well dressed in a suit and tie. The woman is in business clothes.

WOMAN
(to secretary)
We're back.

SECRETARY
(smiling)
He said to go right in.

The woman nods. She goes to a closed door and opens it. The man follows.

INT. OFFICE

The office is two stories tall. Its vast floor to ceiling windows look out onto the river valley and rolling hills

that surround Brantford. A man listens to the phone, his back to the door, looking out the window.

MAN ON PHONE
I know, I know, but ten million's not what it used to be... I know he's just a basketball player... right ... right...but he's going to sell a lot of shoes.

The closing door clicks. He turns around. We see that it is ALAN PARRISH. He smiles broadly at his visitor, while continuing to listen to the phone.

ALAN
Listen dad, I've got our new marketing director here. Yes... O.K... How's Paris?
(listens)
Great... Give mom my love.

He hangs up. He has a tie on but is in shirt sleeves. His beard and hair are neatly trimmed. He moves out from behind his desk.

ALAN
(to the man)
So, what did you think?

WOMAN
Excuse me, Alan, I just want to remind you, we've got that conference call at two o'clock.

ALAN
(looking at his watch)
Right. Thanks, Susan.

The woman exits.

ALAN
So, you got the deluxe tour.

MAN
(nodding)
It's an amazing place.

ALAN
I know you're going to be happy here.

MAN
It's a great opportunity. Really. I feel...lucky.

ALAN
(laughs)
So do we. We've been looking for someone with your qualifications for a very long time.

MAN
Well, thank you. I'm flattered.

ALAN
(glancing at his watch)
I'd love to spend some time now, but I've got this call...

MAN
I understand.

Alan moves toward his office door.

ALAN
We can talk tonight at dinner.

MAN
I'm looking forward to it. Seven o'clock?

ALAN
That's right. You can't miss the house. Big Victorian.

Alan opens the door and extends his hand to the man.

ALAN
Welcome aboard.

EXT. PARRISH HOUSE - DUSK

The warm interior lights of the house stand out in the waning light. A car is in the driveway.

INT. PARRISH HOUSE FRONT HALL

The door bell rings. Alan, dressed casually, enters the hallway and goes to the kitchen door, pushing it slightly open.

ALAN
(excited)
Honey, they're here.

Sarah comes out of the kitchen. She is completely transformed from the Sarah we'd seen before. Her hair, make up, clothes, even her posture, show an entirely different woman.

SARAH
(excited)
This is so exciting.

Together they go to the door. Alan slowly opens it and we see JUDY and PETER standing in front of their parents, NORA and the new marketing director for PARRISH SHOES. Sarah and Alan look lovingly at the children.

ALAN
Come in, come in.

EXT. PARRISH FRONT PORCH

We hear introductions exchanged as Judy and Peter and their parents enter the house. The door closes slowly behind them. The camera moves to a window and we see Alan and Sarah smiling as they reach out to shake Judy's and Peter's hands.

The camera pulls back to the street. It is twilight and is quiet, except for the sounds of crickets. A rhythmic, squeaky sound grows gradually louder. A boy on an old bike is peddling down the street. He steers with one hand and carries over his shoulder a fishing pole. He slowly makes his way along. Squeak, squeak, squeak.

As he moves past we see, in a rack above his rear fender, a box. The camera travels with the bike, closing in on the box.

It is covered with seaweed-like growth but we can make out the letters on the box: JUMANJI. The ominous jungle theme music comes up as the credits roll over the tightly framed box.

THE END